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SPRING AWAKENING.

BY J. C. S.

Blessing the vale, a softer breath
Dawns on the wintry night of death;
Birds, meadows, trees resume
The joy wherewith of old they laugh'd,
And life from sunlit heavens quaff'd,
Till autumn gather'd gloom.

Dear is the fern's uncurling green,
Dear the white elm-buds sparkling keen
Athwart the living blue;
Promise and Hope move hand in hand,
Fair twins, throughout a flow'r-starr'd land,
Zephyrs their steps pursue.

Now Fancy rouses, many a shape
Of beauty born she hastes to drape
With words that, soaring strong,
Rise heav'nward first, and thence descend
On kindly souls which love to blend
Their sympathies with song.

To nature's gladness Mem'ry blind
Calls buried springs once more to mind,
And mourns time's rolling flood;
But soon, lest churlish she should prove,
Where all around smiles endless love,
Thaws to a genial mood.

And yet old melodies are dear—
Old home-songs—unto manhood's ear,
And sweet is many a thought
Snatch'd from past springs. Ah, sweeter then
Smelt violets in our native glen
Than those late Aprils brought.

And will the cuckoo's accents fling
Such glamour round this new born spring
As when fond fancy strays
Where, careless boys, we roam'd the glades?
How soon the keenest joy now fades!
How long were boyhood's days!

No matter; thankful while 'tis ours
To stray with unabated powers
Through gleams of Paradise,
We'll mark the year's bright flowers expand,
And joy with all the happy land
Amidst some nat'ral sighs.

BAFFLED!

BY

Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

[This story was commenced in No. 33, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER IX.

DOWN AT FOXWOOD.

As Sir Karl Wynne was leaving the house, he saw Colonel and Mrs. Cleeve in the dining-parlor. The latter held out her hand to Karl. He clasped it warmly.

"I am glad it is settled," she said, in a low, impressive tone. "You will take good care of her, I know, and make her happy."

"With the best energies of my heart and life," was his earnest answer. "Dear Mrs. Cleeve, I can never sufficiently thank you."

The voices penetrated to a dressing-chamber at the end of the short passage, whose door was ajar. A lady in traveling attire peeped out. It was Miss Blake, who had just arrived from England somewhat unexpectedly. Karl passed out at the front door. Miss Blake's eyes, wide open with astonishment, followed him.

"Surely that was Captain Wynne!" she exclaimed, advancing towards the dining-room.

"Captain Wynne that used to be, Theresa," replied Colonel Cleeve. "He is Sir Karl Wynne now."

"Yes, yes: but one is apt to forget new titles," was her impatient rejoinder. "I heard he was staying in Paris. What should bring him in *this* house? Is he allowed to call at it?"

"For the future he will be. He is to have Lucy. Mrs. Cleeve will tell you about it," concluded the Colonel; "I must write my letters."

Mrs. Cleeve was smiling meaningly. Theresa Blake, utterly puzzled, looked from one to the other.

"Have Lucy!" she cried. "Have her for what?"

"Why to be his wife," said Mrs. Cleeve. "Could you not have guessed, Theresa?"

"To—be—his—wife!" echoed Miss Blake. "Karl Wynne's! No, no; it cannot be!"

"But it is, Theresa. It has been settled to-day. Sir Karl has now gone out from his first interview with her. Why, my dear, I quite believe that if we had not brought it about Lucy would have died. They are all the world to each other."

Miss Blake went back to her room with her shock of agony. From white to scarlet; from scarlet to white; changed her face as she sat down to take in the full sense of the news, and what it inflicted on her. A cry went up aloud to heaven for pity, as she realized the extreme depth of her desolation.

This second blow was, to Miss Blake, nearly, if not quite as cruel as the first had been. It stunned her. The hope that Karl Wynne would return to her had been dwelt on and cherished as the weeks had gone on until it became as a certainty in her inmost heart. Of course his accession to wealth and honors augmented the desirability of a union with him, though it could not augment her love. To find that he was indeed to have Lucy, was truly terrible.

Waiting until the trace of some of the anguish had passed from her white face, until she had smoothed her hair, and changed her traveling-dress, and regained composure of manner, she went into the presence of Colonel and Mrs. Cleeve.

They were yet in the dining-room, talking of Lucy's future prospects: getting, in fact, with every word, more and more reconciled to them.

"The alliance will be an everlasting disgrace to you," quietly spoke Miss Blake. "It will degrade Lucy."

"I do not see it, Theresa," said the Colonel. "I do not think any sensible people would see it in that light. And consider the state of Lucy's health; something had to be sacrificed to that. This may—and, I believe, will—restore her; otherwise she would have died. The love they bear for each other is marvellous—quite out of the common."

Theresa bit her pale lips to get a little color in them.

"A man whose brother was tried, condemned for wilful murder, and who died a convict, striving to escape from his lawful fetters. He is no proper match for Lucy Cleeve."

"The man is dead, Theresa. His crimes and mistakes died with him. Had he lived, the convict, we would have followed Lucy to her grave rather than allowed one of the Wynne family to have entered ours."

Theresa looked pale, vexed, disturbed, Colonel and Mrs. Cleeve saw, and they set it down, in their honest and simple hearts, to anxiety for Lucy.

"Against Sir Karl Wynne, nothing can be urged, Theresa: and his brother, as I say, is dead," returned the Colonel. "In himself he is everything that can be desired—a sweet-tempered, honorable gentleman. He is a baronet of the realm now, you know, and his proposed settlement on Lucy is good."

"I don't call him rich," doggedly replied Miss Blake. "Compare him with some baronets."

"And compare him, on the other hand, with others. His income averages about seven thousand a year, I believe. Out of that, he will accord his mother a good portion while she lives. Compare that with my income, Theresa, as we are on the subject of comparisons; I cannot count anything like *two* thousand."

"Are you sure that he is worthy of Lucy in other ways?" resumed Miss Blake, her tone unpleasantly significant. "I have heard tales of him."

"What tales?"

"Words dropped from the officers at Winchester, to the effect that he is *wild*."

"I can hardly believe that he is," said the Colonel, uneasily, after a pause, "I should dislike to give Lucy to any man of that kind."

"Oh, well, it may not be true," returned Miss Blake, her suggestive conscience reminding her that she was saying more than she ought; or rather, giving a coloring to it that she was not altogether justified in. "You know little Dennet. More than a year ago—it was before I went abroad—he was talking at the rectory one day, about the officers generally, hinting that they were unsteady. I said—of course it was an absurd thing for me to say—that I felt sure Mr. Wynne was steady; and Dennet rejoined in a laughing kind of way, that Wynne was as wild as the rest. That's the truth," concluded Miss Blake, honestly, in obedience to her conscience.

Not very much, you will think; but Colonel Cleeve did not like the doubt it implied; and he resolved to set it at rest if questioning could do it. That same evening, when Karl arrived to dinner, as invited, the Colonel caused him to be shown into a little apartment that was as much a boot closet as anything else; but they were cramped for room in the Avenue d'Antin. Colonel Cleeve was standing by the fire. He and Karl were very much alike in one particular—that of unsophistication. In his direct, non-reticent manner, he mentioned the hint he had received, giving as nearly as possible the words Theresa had given.

"Is it true or is it not, Sir Karl?"

"It is not true; at least in the sense that I fear you may have been putting upon it," was the reply; and Karl Wynne's truthful eyes went straight into the Colonel's. "When I was with the regiment I did some foolish things, sir, as the others did, especially when I first joined; a young fellow, planted down in the midst of careless men can hardly avoid it, however true his own habits and principles may be. When my father lay on his dying bed, he gave me some wise counsel, Colonel Cleeve."

"Did you follow it?"

"If I did not quite always, I at any rate mostly tried to. On my word of honor, Colonel Cleeve, I have not gone into the reckless folly that some men go. I can truly say that I have never done a wrong thing but I have been bitterly ashamed of it afterwards, whatever its nature, and—and—have asked forgiveness of God."

His voice died away with the last hesitating sentence. That he was asserting the truth as before heaven, Colonel Cleeve saw, and judged him aright. He took Karl's hands in his. He felt that he was one amid a thousand.

"God keep you for a true man and a Christian!" he whispered. "I could not desire one more worthy than you for my daughter."

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"THEY SAT, GAZING AT EACH OTHER, SHE IN AGITATION, HE IN EXPECTANCY."

When they reached the drawing-room, Lucy was there; Lucy, who had not joined in the late dinner for some time past. She wore pink silk; she had a transient color in her face, and her sweet brown eyes lighted up at sight of Karl. As he bent low to speak to her, Theresa Blake covered her brow as though she had a pain there.

"*Madame est servie.*"

Sir Karl advanced to Mrs. Cleeve, as in duty bound. She put him from her with a smile. "I am going on by myself, Sir Karl. Lucy needs support, and you must give it to her. The Colonel has to bring Miss Blake."

And as Sir Karl took her, nothing loth, under his arm, and gave her the support tenderly, Miss Lucy blushed the rosiest blush that had been seen in her face for many a month. Mademoiselle Alse, superintending the arrangement of the round table, had taken care that their seats should be side by side. Theresa's fascinated eyes, opposite, looked at them more than there was any need for.

"Lucy has got a prize," whispered the Colonel to her, as she sat at his right hand. "A prize, if ever there was one. I have been talking to him about that matter, Theresa, and he comes out nobly. And—do you see how changed Lucy is only in this one day—how well and happy she looks? Just think! it was only this time last night that his note was brought."

Miss Blake did see; saw a great deal more than was agreeable—the unmistakable signs of mutual love amidst the rest. Her own feelings were changing, and she felt that she was not far off hating her heart's cherished idol, Karl Wynne, with a jealous, and bitter, and angry hatred.

It was decided that the marriage should take place without delay—at least, with as little delay as Lucy's health would allow. Perhaps in February. Day by day, she grew better; appetite returned, spirits returned, the longing to get well returned; all these very essential elements in the cause. At a week or two's end, Lucy was so much stronger that the time was finally fixed for February, and Sir Karl wrote to Plunkett and Plunkett to prepare the deeds of settlement. He also wrote to his mother—which he had somewhat held back from doing, for instinct told him the news would terribly pain her; that she would accuse him of being insensible to the recent loss of his brother. And he found that he had judged correctly, for Mrs. Wynne did not vouchsafe him any answer.

In good truth, he would not have preferred to marry so soon himself; but it was right that private feelings should give way to Lucy. They were in a hurry to get her to a warmer place, and it was deemed better that Karl should go with her as her husband than as her lover. In the latter case, Colonel and Mrs. Cleeve must have gone, and he, the Colonel, wanted to be in England to attend to some matters of business. Sir Karl and his wife were to stay away a year—perhaps more; the doctors thought it might be well for Lucy. Karl was only too glad to acquiesce, for the arrangement, as he candidly avowed, would leave him at liberty to allow his mother a year's undisturbed possession of Foxwood. And so the month of January came to an end, Lucy gaining ground regularly and quickly. As to Miss Blake, she stayed where she was, hardening her heart more and more against Karl Wynne.

On the sixth of February, Sir Karl went to London. The marriage was to take place in Paris, on the twelfth. He had various matters to transact, especially with his lawyers. The deeds of settlement on Lucy, previously despatched to Paris by Plunkett & Plunkett had been already signed. Karl wrote a short note to his mother, saying he was in London, and should run down to Foxwood and see her. In her reply, received by return of post, she begged he would not go down to Foxwood, as it might "only upset her," "if," the words ran, "she might so far presume to deny his entrance to his own house."

It was rather a queer letter. Karl thought so as he studied it. By one of the sentences in it, it almost seemed as though Mrs. Wynne were not aware of his projected marriage. The longer he reflected the more desirable did it appear to him that he should see her. So he wrote again, craving pardon for disobeying her, but saying he must come down. About six o'clock in the evening he reached Foxwood. It was the last day of his stay; on the following one he must depart for Paris. A servant-maid admitted him, and Hewitt came out of the dining-room. The man's face wore a look of surprise.

"I suppose my mother is expecting me, Hewitt."

"I think not, Sir Karl. I took a telegram to the station this morning, sir, to stop your coming," he added in a confidential tone, as he opened the door to announce his master.

Mrs. Wynne was dining in solitary state in the solitary dining-room. She let fall her knife and fork, and rose up with an angry glare. Her dress was of the deepest mourning, all crape. Save the widow's cap, she had not put on mourning so deep for her husband as she wore for her ill-fated son.

"How dared you come, after my prohibitory telegram, Karl?" she exclaimed imperiously.

"I have had no telegram from you, mother," was his reply. "None whatever."

"One was sent to you this morning."

"I missed it, then. I have been about London all day, and did not return to the hotel before coming here."

He had been standing close to her with his hand extended. She looked fixedly at him for a few moments, and then allowed her hand to meet his.

"It cannot be helped, now; but I am not well enough to entertain visitors," she remarked. "Hewitt, Sir Karl will take some dinner."

"You surely do not look on me as a visitor," he said, smiling, and taking the chair at the table that Hewitt placed. But, for all the smile, there was pain at his heart. "My stay will be a very short one, mother, for I must be away long before dawn to-morrow morning."

"The shorter the better," answered Mrs. Wynne. And Sir Karl could not help feeling that it was scarcely the thing to say to a man coming to his own house.

He observed that only Hewitt was waiting at the table; that no one else was called to bring in things required by the fact of his unexpected intrusion. Hewitt had to go backwards and forwards. During one of these absences, Karl asked his mother *why* she should have objected to his coming.

"You have been told," she answered. "I am not in the state to bear the least excitement or see any one. No visitor whatever is welcomed at Foxwood. My troubles are great, Karl."

"I wish I could lighten them for you, mother."

"You only increase them. But not willingly, I am sure, Karl. No fault lies with you."

It was the kindest thing she had said to him. As they went on talking, Karl became more and more convinced, from chance expressions, that she was in ignorance of his engagement and approaching marriage. When Hewitt had finally left them together after dinner, Karl told her of it. It turned out that Mrs. Wynne had never received the letter; though where the fault lay, Karl could not divine. He remembered that he had given it to the waiter of the Hotel Montaigne to post—a man he had always found to be very exact. Whether he had neglected it, or whether the loss lay at the door of the post itself, the fact was the same—it had never reached Mrs. Wynne.

She started violently when Karl told her. He noticed it particularly, because she was in general so cold and calm a woman. After staring at Karl for a minute or two she turned her gaze to the fire and sat in silence, listening to him.

"Married!" she exclaimed, when he had stopped. "Married!—and your brother scarcely cold in his dishonored grave! It must not be, Sir Karl."

Sir Karl explained to her why it must be. Lucy's health required a more genial climate, and he had to take her to one without delay. When respect for the dead and consideration for the living clash, it was right and just that the former should give way, he observed with emphasis. Mrs. Wynne did not interrupt him; as he went on to state the arrangements he had completed as to Lucy's settlement. He then intimated in the most delicate words he could use, that their proposed prolonged residence abroad would afford his mother at present undisturbed possession of Foxwood; and he mentioned the income (a very liberal one) he had secured to her for life.

She never answered a word. She made no comment whatever, good or bad, but sat gazing into the fire as before. Karl thought she was mortally offended with him.

He said he had a letter to write. Mrs. Wynne gave a dash at the bell and ordered Hewitt to place the ink and paper before Sir Karl. When the tea came in she spoke a few words—asking whether he would take sugar, and such like—but, that excepted, maintained her silence. Afterwards, she sat at the fire again in her arm-chair; buried in disturbed thought; and then she arose to pace the room with uncertain steps, like one who is racked by anxious perplexity. At first Karl felt both annoyed and vexed, for he thought she was making more of the matter than she need have done; but he soon began to doubt whether she had not some trouble upon her apart from him and his concerns. A word, that unwittingly escaped her, confirmed him in this.

"Mother," he said, "you seem to be in great distress of your own; for I cannot believe that any proceedings of mine would thus disturb you."

"I am, Karl. I am."

"Will you not let me share it, then? and, if possible, sooth it? You will find me a true son."

Mrs. Wynne came back to her seat and replied calmly. "If you could help me in any way, Karl, you should hear it. But you cannot—you cannot that I can see. Man is born to trouble, you know, as the sparks fly upwards."

"I thought that *I* had offended you; at least, pained you by my coming marriage. It grieved me very much."

"My trouble is my own," she answered.

Karl could not imagine what it could be. He tried to think of various causes—just as we all do in a similar case—and rejected them again. She had always been a strangely independent, secretive woman, given to act with the daring independence of man, but possessing not man's freedom of power, may at times drift into troubled seas.

Karl greatly feared it must be something of this kind—Debt? Well, he did not think it could be this. He had never known of any outlets of expense; and surely, if this were so, his mother would apply to him to release her. But, still the idea kept coming back again; for he felt sure she had not given the true reason for wishing to keep him away from Foxwood. Had it come to the point that *duns* presented themselves at the house, and that it was feared he might see them? Sunk in these thoughts, he happened to raise his glance, and caught his mother's sharp eyes inquisitively fixed on him.

"What are you deliberating upon, Karl?"

"I was wondering what your care could be?"

"Better not wonder. *You* could not help me. Had my brave Adam been alive, I might have told him. He was daring, Karl: you are not."

"Not daring, mother? I? I think I am sufficiently so. At any rate, I could be as daring as any in your interests."

"Perhaps you might. But it would not serve me, you see. And sympathy from you—the sympathy that my poor lost Adam gave me—I have never from you sought or wished for."

She was plain at any rate. Karl felt the stab, just as he had felt many other of her stabs during his life. Mrs. Wynne shook off her secret thoughts with a kind of shiver: and, to banish them, began talking with Karl of ordinary things.

"What has become of Ann Hopley?" he enquired. "She was much attached to you: I thought perhaps you might have kept her on."

"Ann Hopley?—oh, the servant I had at Weymouth. No, I did not keep her on, Karl. She went to her husband."

At ten o'clock Mrs. Wynne wished him good-night and good-bye, and retired. Karl sat on, thinking and wondering. He was sorry she did not place confidence in him, and so give him a chance of helping her: but she never had, and he supposed she never would. At times—and this was one—it had almost seemed to Karl as though she could not be his mother.

CHAPTER X.

MRS. WYNNE'S SECRET.

"Will you take anything, Sir Karl?"

The question came from Hewitt, who had looked in to ask for orders for the morning, arousing his master from a curious train of thought.

"I don't mind a drop of hot brandy and water, Hewitt. Half a glass. Something or other seems to have given me the shivers. Is it a cold night?"

"No, Sir Karl; the night's rather warm than cold."

"Has my mother any particular trouble or worry upon her, Hewitt, do you know?" he asked, as he watched the mixing of the spirit and water. "She seems to be very much put out."

"I have noticed it myself, sir: but I don't know what it is," he said. "For my part, I don't think she has been at all herself since Sir Adam's death. Loving him as she did—why, of course, sir, it was a dreadful blow; one not to be got over easily."

"And that's true, Hewitt. How many servants have you here?" resumed Sir Karl, asking the question not really with any particular care to know, but simply to turn the subject.

"There's me and two maids, sir."

"You and two maids!" echoed Karl, in surprise. "That's not enough for Foxwood. How does the work get done? Why does my mother not keep more?"

"My mistress says she can't afford more, sir," returned Hewitt, who seemed sore upon the point, and spoke shortly.

"But she can afford more," returned Sir Karl, impulsively; "a great many more. Her income is a very large one now."

Hewitt rubbed his bald head with an air of perplexity. Karl spoke to him of things that he would not have entered on with any less esteemed and faithful servant. Hewitt had been so long in the family that he seemed like an old confidential friend.

"There can be no debts, you know, Hewitt," spoke Sir Karl, hastily—following out aloud a recent thought.

Hewitt did not evince any surprise whatever. "I have fancied that my mistress had some embarrassment on her mind, sir, such as a debt might cause," was the rejoinder. "I have fancied her money goes somewhere — though I should never hint at such a thing to anybody but you, sir: nor to you if you had not asked me. Perhaps Sir Adam left some debts behind him."

"No, he did not, Hewitt. Any debts left by Sir Adam would have been paid out of the estate before it came to me. Plunkett and Plunkett informed me at

once that there were no debts at all: except the costs of the trial."

"Then it must be some that have cropped up since: that is, the claim for them," surmised Hewitt. "One evening, sir, when my mistress seemed fit to die with trouble, I asked her if anything had happened to vex her, and she answered—after looking at me sternly in silence—No, nothing fresh; only some sorrow of a good many years ago. It was the evening after that gentleman called, Sir Karl, and stayed with her so long."

"What gentleman?" asked Sir Karl.

"Some stranger, sir; I didn't know him. He came up to the house and asked for Mrs. Wynne. I told him (they were my general orders) that Mrs. Wynne was not well enough to see visitors. Oh, indeed, he said, and asked to come in and write a note. I was standing by when he began to write it, and he ordered me to the other end of the room. It seemed to me that he wrote but one or two words, Sir Karl; not more: quite in a moment the paper was folded and sealed—for he told me to light the taper. 'There,' said he, 'take that to Mrs. Wynne: I think she'll see me.' My mistress was very angry when I took it to her, asking why I disobeyed orders; but when she opened it, her face went deadly white, and she bade me show the gentleman up to her sitting-room. He was there about two hours, sir."

Sir Karl thought this rather strange. "What sort of a man was he, Hewitt?"

"A well-dressed gentleman, sir; tall. He had had a hurt to his left arm, and wore it in a black silk sling. When he took it out of the sling to seal the note, he could hardly use it at all. It was that same evening after he had been, sir, that my mistress seemed so full of trouble."

"Did you hear his name?"

"No, sir, I didn't hear his name. A tray of luncheon was ordered up for him; and by the little that I heard said when I took it in and fetched it away, I gathered that it was a gentleman applying for the agency of your estate."

"But I do not require an agent," cried Karl.

"Well, sir, I'm sure that's what the gentleman was talking of. And my mistress afterwards said a word or two to me about the place being neglected now Sir Karl was absent, and she thought she should appoint an agent to look after it."

"But the place is not neglected," reiterated Sir Karl. "How long was this ago?"

"About three weeks, sir. I've not heard anything of it since, or seen the gentleman. But I am certain my mistress has some secret trouble or care, apart from her regret for Sir Adam."

"I wish you could write to me from time to time, and let me know how my mother is," resumed Karl, dropping the unsatisfactory subject.

"And that I will with pleasure, Sir Karl, if you will furnish me with an address to write to."

"And be sure, Hewitt, that you send to me in any trouble or sickness. I wish my poor mother's life was a less lonely one!"

Sir Karl went up to his room shortly. Before he had well closed his door, a maid knocked at it, and said Mrs. Wynne wished to see him. Karl had supposed his mother to be in bed; instead of that, he found her standing by the fire in her little sitting-room and not undressed.

"Shut the door, Karl," she said—and he saw that her face was working with some painful emotion. "I have been debating a question with myself the better part of this evening, down stairs and up—whether or no I shall disclose to you the trouble that is upon us; and have now resolved to do so. Of two evils, it may perhaps be the least."

"I am very glad indeed, my mother," replied Karl.

"Hush!" she solemnly said, lifting a warning hand. "Speak not before you know. Glad! It has been consideration for you, Sir Karl, that has alone kept me silent. You have no doubt been thinking me unnaturally cold and reserved; but my heart has been aching. Aching for you. If I have not loved you with the passionate love I bore for your brother—and oh, Karl, he was my first-born!—I have not been as neglectful of you as you may imagine. In striving to keep you away from Foxwood, I was but anxious that your peace should not be imperilled earlier than it was obliged to be."

"Let me hear it, mother. I can bear it, I daresay."

"You may *bear* it, Karl. A man can bear most things. But, my son, I dread to tell it to you. You will regard it as an awful calamity, a frightful perplexity, and your spirit may faint under it."

Sir Karl smiled sadly.

"Mother, after the calamities I have undergone within the past year, I do not think Fate can have any worse in store for me."

"Wait—and judge. Your anger will naturally fall on me, Karl, as the chief author of it. Blame me, my son, to your heart's content; it is my just due. I would soften the story to you if I knew how; but it admits not of softening. What is done cannot be undone."

Mrs. Wynne opened the door, looked up and down the corridor, shut it again, and bolted it.

"I do not need to fear eaves-droppers in the house," she observed, "and the doors are thick: but this secret is a matter of life or death. Sit down there, Karl," pointing to a chair opposite her own.

"I would rather stand, mother."

"Sit down!" she reiterated.

Karl took his elbow from the mantlepiece and obeyed her. He did not seem very much impressed with what he was about to hear; at least not to the extent that her preparation seemed to justify.

Each leaned forward looking at the other.

"First of all, Karl, you will take an oath, a solemn vow to God, that you will never disclose this secret to any human being without my consent."

"Is this necessary, mother?"

"It is necessary for you and for me," she sharply answered, as if the question vexed. "I tell you nothing unless you do."

Sir Karl rose, and took the oath. Resuming his seat as before, he waited. No, she could not say it. They sat gazing at each other, she in agitation, he in expectancy; and for a minute or two she literally could not say what she had to say. It came forth at last. Only four words.

Only four words. But Karl Wynne as he heard them sprang up with a cry, almost as the ill-fated man had sprung, Martin Scott, who was shot to death by his brother.

"Mother! This cannot be true!"

Mrs. Wynne went over to him and pushed him gently into his chair again.

"Hush, Karl; make no noise," she soothingly whispered. "It would not do, you see, for the household to be alarmed."

Mrs. Wynne went back to her seat. Karl sat still, tumultuous ideas crowding on him one after another.

"You should have disclosed this to me before I engaged myself to marry," he cried at last with a burst of emotion.

"But don't you see, Karl, I did not know of your intended marriage. It is because you have informed me of it to-night that I disclose it now."

"Would you have kept it from me always?"

"That could not have been. You must have heard it some time. Listen, Karl; you shall have the story from beginning to end."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Any one who lived near the Kennebec during the last war with Great Britain, cannot fail to remember the excitement and anxiety of the inhabitants of Kennebec and Lincoln counties, when that river was blockaded by the British. In many of the towns on the banks of the river—towns which owed much of their means of sustenance to their maritime trade—the people were for some time actually straitened for want of food, as nothing could be brought up the river from any of the seaport towns on the coast. At one time a dollar's worth of flour was often carried in a small pocket-handkerchief, while the children of comparatively opulent families were even forced to pick from heaps of cast-off vegetables, frozen potatoes, which were placed upon the coals and eaten even before the frost was wholly overcome. Some forty or fifty trading vessels were laying idle in the river, and at length, the blockade became so serious, that actual starvation peeped coldly in at some of the poorer families.

Among the coasters which were thus cut off from their trading, was a clipper schooner, owned and commanded by Captain John Wait, which had dropped down from Hallowell, and hauled up at one of the wharves in Bath. Captain Wait was loaded for Ipswich, Mass., and his family were suffering from his forced state of inactivity.

"Mr. Springer," said Wait, to his mate, one bright morning, as they stood upon the wharf at which the schooner was secured, "I am going out."

"Sir?"

"*I am going out!*"

"But that English brig is out there yet, darn her pictur'." returned Springer.

Captain Wait seldom swore, but on the present occasion he could not help it, for he distinctly uttered a pretty round oath in connection with said brig, and then continued:

"I've got an idea, and it may get us out in safety; but, nevertheless, out I go, at all events."

"Well," returned Springer, "if the old Polly goes, I shall go with her."

Four men and the cook composed the schooner's crew, exclusive of the two officers, and they readily agreed to stick by the "old Polly" as long as her timbers held together.

Captain Wait went on shore and procured an old anchor and cable, which he carried on board the schooner, and deposited near the starboard quarter, securing the end of the cable to the large quarter cleet, and placing the anchor so that it could be easily tumbled overboard.

About an hour before sundown, just as the tide began to ebb, Captain Wait cut off his shore fasts, and with a good, fresh breeze from the south'ard and west'ard, he spread his sails, and started off, down the river. Together with the assistance of the tide and wind, the Polly was not over an hour in making the mouth of the river, and, just to the eastward of Seguin, she espied the English brig standing in.

The Englishman noticed the Yankee as soon as she hove in sight, and, keeping away to the westward, she evidently intended to cut her off. Crowding as close upon the wind as possible, Captain Wait run his schooner for Cape Small Point, the immediate vicinity of which, from the number of large, black rocks that ornamented the water, bears anything but an agreeable aspect to the stranger, but, nevertheless, some of the coasters can very safely wend their way among them.

As the island of Seguin happened to be somewhat in the way of the brig, she had been forced to tack twice, in order to get upon a direct chase, and consequently the schooner had the weather gage. The latter vessel had already reached the rocks, and, just as the brig came sweeping around the island, our Yankee captain had prepared everything for his manœuvre. The schooner was now heading nearly south, and, of course, her larboard side was towards the Englishman, while the latter was heading directly for her, on the larboard tack.

"'Twont do to stand on much longer," said Springer, as he worked hard to keep the schooner just on a shiver.

"A few minutes longer," returned Captain Wait. "The brig won't fire till she gets a little nearer. I must get into that shoal water ahead, where we can have plenty of lee room, for when I square away I want a clear sea."

Five minutes more passed away, during which time the schooner had reached the clear water already alluded to, while the brig had been gradually opening her starboard battery.

"Now stand by, boys," exclaimed Captain Wait, as he cast an anxious look towards the Englishman's guns. "Let her come up."

In an instant the Polly came into the wind, and as her sails began to flap and flutter, but before her headway was wholly checked, the old anchor was dropped overboard from the starboard quarter, and a dozen heavy water casks were instantly rolled over into the same side, which gave her quite a heel to starboard.

"Schooner ahoy!" shouted an officer from the Englishman.

"Blast the cussed rocks!" roared Captain Wait, springing to the helm just as the short cable tautened and brought the schooner up. "Jump to those head sheets. Haul over the starboard jib sheet, quick. Catch hold of the larboard foresheet and haul it taut."

The order was quickly obeyed, and the result answered a two-fold purpose. It not only served to keep the schooner's head to the wind, but it also appeared to the Englishman as though the Yankees were making great exertions to get off from some hidden rock upon which they had struck.

For a few moments the Polly bravely headed up against the wind by the aid of her back-winged foresail and jib, but the force of the anchor coming upon the quarter, it was evident that she must soon swing round, unless some expedient could be adopted by which to prevent it. As fortune would have it, there were two long logging-poles, with sharp iron pikes at the end, on board, and in a moment they were got out over the larboard bow, in which direction the schooner inclined. This again, answered two purposes, for as the water was shoal, the poles easily held the schooner in her position, while, to the eyes of the astonished Englishman, it added another evidence of the supposed calamity.

"I thought so," exclaimed Captain Wait, as he rubbed his hands in high glee; "there goes the Englishman's topsail to the mast. Stand by to slip that cable the moment I give the order. Get those two big rocks out of the boat, and lay them down under the quarter-rail."

The Yankee's supposition had proved correct, for no sooner had the schooner come into the wind, heeled over to the starboard, and laid perfectly immovable before the fresh breeze than the English officers naturally supposed that she had run upon a rock, and instead of running their own brig into the same danger, they had hove to and lowered a boat, into which some fifteen men immediately descended and put off to the unfortunate schooner.

"Lift that heaviest rock up on to the rail," said Captain Wait, as the boat approached the schooner's larboard quarter.

A block of granite weighing some eighty pounds—a regular down east boulder—was lifted to the rail, and two of the men stood by to throw it overboard. It was now quite dusky, so that those in the approaching boat could not see distinctly the nature of these minor movements on the part of the Yankees.

"Hallo, Jonathan! got into a bad scrape, haven't you?" hailed the officer of the boat, as she began to round to under the quarter.

"Darn it all, yes," roared Captain Wait, in a perfect fury of passion and chagrin. "But ef I hadn't run onto this rock, you'd never have ketched us, you thunderin' old Britisher."

"Well," returned the officer, with a laugh, "I am sorry for you, but we've got you now, certain. Stand by with the boat-hook, forward."

The man with the boat-hook never obeyed that order, for hardly had the words escaped the officer's mouth, when—plump—smash—came the heavy rock, tearing and crashing through the bottom of the boat.

"Let go that cable!" shouted Captain Wait, as he shoved the helm hard a-starboard. "Haul over the jib. That's it; now ease off the fore and main sheets."

The schooner paid off in an instant, and with a good full, she darted off under cover of two small islands that stand between the Cape and Seguin, and which protected her from the guns of the brig.

The last that our Yankee crew saw of the boat that had been sent after them, was just as she swamped, with the frantic men still clinging to her sides, and in a moment more, another boat came to her assistance. The gloom, however, shut out further observation, and whether any of them were drowned, our heroes never knew. All that they knew was that their clipper schooner got safely out to sea.

WHAT THEY ARE.

It may be interesting to thirsty mortals to know something of what they drink. There is no sarsaparilla in "sarsaparilla;" there is no ginger in "ginger ale;" there is nothing of a mineral character in "mineral water," and "seltzer" has nothing appertaining to the real seltzer, or Seltzer's water in its composition—except water. Ottawa beer is usually made with sugar, snake-root, and aromatics which will acetify soon after the beer is manufactured. It should be made fresh every day; but it is not. The carbonic acid gas will disguise the bad taste of stale Ottawa beer until you have swallowed it, but you may expect internal disturbances. Fresh Ottawa beer is rather a nice drink, and kept freshly on tap is rather popular in summer time. A first-class drug store will sometimes sell forty gallons daily in the sultry season. Pure sarsaparilla has no flavor at all, and the agreeable flavor of the so-called "extract of sarsaparilla" is produced by a decoction of wintergreen and sassafras. The "sarsaparilla" sold in saloons has nothing of wintergreen or sassafras, not to say sarsaparilla, in its composition. It is simply carbonated water, colored with caramel or burnt sugar, and sweetened with common syrup and bad molasses. Druggists who sell soda-water sweetened with "sarsaparilla" generally manufacture a better article from clear sugar and liquorice extract, and those who have a large soda-water trade will sometimes use the real decoction of wintergreen, oil of lemon, caramel and sassafras. "Mineral Water" is aerated water, flavored with lemon syrup of poor quality, or with artificial sugar or glucose, manufactured from potato starch. "Ginger Ale" is aerated water sweetened with sugar, and flavored with Cayenne pepper in small quantities is rather beneficial than otherwise, and this is really a healthy and refreshing beverage compared with others. Good ginger ale—like the imported Belfast ginger ale—should be made with lemons, ginger, sugar, and tartaric acid. "Seltzer water" is carbonated water flavored with salts—generally common salts, sometimes Epsom and medicinal salts. This is not a beverage very pleasant to the palate, but it certainly has a specific influence on the bowels, and is quite effective in "straightening a fellow out" when he has been muddled up over night in a crooked whisky investigation. In fact, none of the above drinks are injurious—rather the opposite, provided their bases have been made in wholesome fountains.

NEW WAY OF PAYING.—The process of keeping accounts among the Norway lumbermen is of unique style. The book-keeper, after comparing accounts with the workman, sends him to the cashier for his wages, with the amount due to him chalked on his back; and when the cashier has paid him, he takes his receipt himself by brushing off his chalk marks.

SIGHING FOR THEE.

BY DELMADI.

Lonely and weary I sit, love, to-night.
Pale looks the earth in her mantle of white,
Brightly the moon beams over river and lea,
Yet I am sighing, love, sighing for thee.

Stars sparkle brightly in Heaven's deep blue,
Beam like thine eyes that are steadfast and true,
Lonely and desolate earth seemed to me,
For I am sighing love, sighing for thee.

Patience! for soon will the daylight draw near,
Sunlight will come and dispel every fear,
Will it still call forth this sad song from me?
Shall I to-morrow, love, still sigh for thee.

THE CYPHER TELEGRAM!

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

[This story was commenced in No. 30, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XX.

READING THE CYPHER.

"Joe Sedley, tell me who is most likely to be benefited by the death of Mr. Browning?" asked Lovelace, when they were again seated.

"How should I know? His daughter, probably," replied Sedley.

Lovelace looked as if half inclined to strike him.

"Who then is to be helped by the loss of the proofs of my identity?"

"William Browning, your guardian," answered Sedley.

"Now, Joe, don't try to aggravate me, for I haven't the patience of Job," cried Lovelace, angrily. "Tell me this. Who has an interest in abducting Miss Browning?"

"Some of her discarded lovers," replied Sedley, with provoking coolness.

Lovelace sprang hotly to his feet, and began again traversing the office as a vent to his temper.

"You know as well as I do," he cried, fiercely, "that one man only could have an object in all this."

"Ah! And who is that man?"

"Harvey Benton," replied Lovelace. "He wishes to get control of his brother-in-law's estate; and also of my property."

"And what good will carrying off a girl do him? She is bound to come back some time."

"Who knows that? Her father will not come back."

"Do you think the man will murder her? Besides, what can a poor cripple do, who is not able to move out of his chair?"

"He can do much, with the help of villainous confederates, whom, I believe, he has employed. I have a dozen proofs now that he was mixed up in that matter."

"Then why not use them?"

"They are not strong enough. I want more. I want to find Downey, among other things. I have shown him what I suspected, though, and he winced under it."

"I did not think you were so green," was Sedley's complimentary reply. "If you are right in your surmises you have some reason to be afraid of him. Did the girl know anything of this?"

"She told him, in my presence, that she knew of my leaving documents with her father, and that he acknowledged a belief in my claim."

"And what do you gather from this?"

"I think that he was afraid of his neice, and precipitated a plan which he had already in contemplation."

"It looks decidedly like it," said Sedley, more seriously.

"I tell you what, Joe," said Lovelace, "I make no professions of sharpness, but I can see through an open barn-door. I'll bet ten coyotes and one buffalo that I have evidence of the whole thing here, in this paper, and not locked up too tight for me to read it, either."

"What makes you think so? That is a message from Martinsville."

"Precisely. And from Dover to Martinsville bridge is but fifteen miles. The villains took to the creek. Arrived at the bridge it was but a three miles drive to the city. There the captive could easily be hidden, and the captors would naturally telegraph their success to their employer."

"All of which sounds very plausible. But then it is easy enough to form a plausible theory. Facts can be twisted into almost any shape."

"Shall I tell you my facts?"

"Go on; I can spare you ten minutes."

Lovelace proceeded to display his various reasons for doubting Mr. Benton, to the manifest interest of his friend.

"What do you say now?" he asked.

"That you were silly in telling them to him. They prove nothing positive, and you played your trumps entirely too soon."

"How about reading the message?"

"You are at liberty. It may, possibly, be a public duty for us to learn its meaning. Wait a few minutes, though. There is a train due. I will be ready in twenty minutes."

The train thundered up to the station five minutes behind time. In twenty minutes, as Sedley had said, he was free to return to the subject of their investigation.

Lighting fresh cigars, as if with the hope to gain inspiration from their smoke, the message was laid before them, and they proceeded to the labor of deciphering it.

"There are fixed rules to be observed in doing a job of this kind," said Lovelace, "and certain principles of the English language to take into consideration."

"Exactly," answered Sedley. "And what are they?"

"First is the fact that some letters are used much oftener than others. Thus the letter *e* is the most frequently used. Next comes *o*. Then *a* and *i*. Of the consonants *d* stands first. Then, in succession, *h*, *n*, *r*, *s*, and *t*."

"I perceive the importance of this point. What other facts are there?"

"They are facts relating to words. Thus any word of one letter only must be either *a*, or *i*. Of words of two letters, *an*, *at*, and *as*, occur most frequently. The most common words of three letters are *the* and *and*."

"Well? Go on; I begin to see my way clearer."

"Two letters often used to begin words are likely to be *th*. Again *t* never ends a word in English. Neither does *a* or *u*, except in two or three cases. In the middle of words *e* and *o* are often doubled, and *l* at the ends. The letters most frequently ending words are *r*, *s*, and *t*."

"Why, man, you seem to have made a special study of this matter," said Sedley, in surprise.

"I did, at one time, for amusement. I will now use my study to some advantage."

"I hope so."

"Amuse yourself, Joe, by counting the number of times each letter occurs in this message. Of course I only want those that are frequently used."

Lovelace leaned back smoking and twirling his moustache, while his friend diligently counted.

"O occurs 18 times," he said, after finishing his task. "C, H, and J, are each used 11 times; E, 10 times; A——"

"That will do. The others you need not mind. This may seem a mysterious affair to you, Joe, if you have no experience in this sort of thing, but I fancy that it will not take ten minutes to turn it all into good English. It looks to me like an easy cypher."

"I'd sooner attempt to translate so much Choctaw," said Joe.

"Let us apply the rules I have given you," said Lovelace, flinging away the remnant of his cigar. "O occurs most frequently. It, therefore, most probably stands for *e*. Of course, in so short a message, there is danger that this rule may not apply. We can only tell by trying."

"Certainly," answered Joe, looking on curiously.

"The letter C occurs as a word in the message. It must then be *a* or *i*, as these are the only letters that form words. How many words are there of three letters?"

"There are several which occur only once," answered Joe. "Hxo is repeated four times."

"Then, according to the rule of chances, it is most likely *and* or *the*, as these are the most frequent words. If O really stands for *e*, as we have supposed, this word must be *the*."

"It is getting decidedly interesting," said Joe. "H and X then are *t* and *h*?"

"Very probably."

"Here is a word spelt Eoo," remarked Sedley, pointing it out. "Now what words are there of three syllables ending in double o?"

"Double *e* you mean."

"Yes, yes! I can't get the hang of the confounded thing! I can only think now of three words, *see*, *tee* and *fee*."

"The first of these is much the most likely," said Lovelace, busily pencilling. "If *see* is the word then E would represent *s*. This gives us four letters E. O. H, and X, standing respectively for *s*, *e*, *t* and *h*. We are also on the track of C, which is either *a* or *i*. You perceive, Joe, that we have made a few steps."

"It begins to get decidedly interesting," replied Sedley. "Let us get on with the puzzle. Here are some more words ending with double letters. There are no less than three ending with jj."

"What are they?"

"Cjj, Rojj, and Qajj. Can you make anything out of that?"

"If we take C as *i* the first must be *ill* or *inn*. There are no other words would apply. But if C stands for *a* the most probable words are *all* or *add*."

"So we have four words to choose from," said Joe. "On what principle are you going to decide?"

"Cjj is the first word in the message, that may help us. Which of these four words seem most likely to commence a sentence?"

"Not *inn* or *add*, that's certain. *Ill* might be used, but *all* is the most likely."

"I think so. The two four-lettered words appear to indicate *i* as the sense of J."

"We have then two other letters. C meaning *a*, and J meaning *l*."

"Only conjecturally," replied Lovelace. "This is largely guess work. If the letters we have gained fit properly in other words, we may be somewhat confident we are right. Otherwise we will have to make new guesses. The message is so short that the rules I have given may not fully apply."

"I see that," replied Sedley, again counting. "A and S seem to occur each nine times, and P eight times. They may be among the remainder of the commonly occuring letters you have given."

"Let us seek now for the word containing most of the six letters we have," said Lovelace. "The shortness of the message will force us to some guessing. Here we have it, the last word but one, Hkoelow. Insert in these the letters we have gained and see how it reads. I will write it down with points for the missing letters."

T-se-a- was the fragmentary appearance of the word.

"*Tuesday!* sure as you live!" cried Sedley.

"I agree with you," answered Lovelace. "I can think of no other word that would apply."

"Tuesday be it then," exclaimed Sedley, excitedly. "That gives us three more letters, K L, and W, standing for *u d* and *y*."

"And if they apply properly in other words we have made an important advance," said Lovelace.

"Can we not apply them in the whole message and see how it will look?" asked Sedley.

"It might be best," said Lovelace, penciling rapidly. "We may catch some words at a glance then."

After five minutes diligent labor, in which he represented all unknown letters by a dash, he handed the result of his work over to Sedley.

The latter looked at it with a quizzical expression of countenance. It ran as follows:

All se-e-e the -h--e- -e t-ussed at the -ld —— -- the —- -y -ell l--ely at the --st sh-t -ads la-d at —-e a-d a ha-d--e —l--ht -u- --e- --ll see --u tuesday -a-e.

"Well, that's not much more reasonable than the original message," said Joe, looking comically at the paper from different points of view.

"I am not so sure of that," replied Lovelace. "I am inclined to do some guessing."

"Well, guess on," replied Joe, more soberly.

"*T-ussed.* Can you make more than one possible word out of that?"

"Trussed!" cried Sedley, after thinking a moment. "I don't know any other word with that combination of letters."

"Then B must stand for *r*. That increases our stock of letters to ten. Ten letters out of twenty-four is almost a victory. I cannot perceive yet, however, the key to the cypher."

"Keep it up. We will bring her yet!" cried Sedley, enthusiastically. "*Se-e-e* has got another letter. It is now *sere-e*."

"*Serene!* sure as shooting," exclaimed Lovelace. "Another letter won, P stands for *n*. We are swimming through the mystery."

"And here is Xoplesmo, with nearly all its letters on our list. It now reads *hande--e*. If you've got a *serene* word, I can match you with a *handsome* one."

Joe got up and danced round the office in his enthusiasm.

"A good guess that," said Lovelace, laughing at his excitement. "Two more letters, *s* and *m*, the first is *o* and the second really *m*."

"Thirteen letters. Half the alphabet. We have met the enemy and he is ours," cried the operator, in triumph.

"We are not far from it, that is certain," answered Lovelace. "Two more letters in the message, and see how the affair stands."

Joe got up and danced round the office in his enthusiasm.

"A good guess that," said Lovelace, laughing at his excitement. "Two more letters, *s* and *m*, the first is *o* and the second really *m*."

"Thirteen letters. Half the alphabet. We have met the enemy and he is ours," cried the operator, in triumph.

"We are not far from it, that is certain," answered Lovelace. "Two more letters in the message, and see how it reads."

The pencil was again brought into requisition, with the following result:

All serene the -h--e- -e trusted at the old -a-- -n the ro- my -ird -ell lo-ely at the --rst shot made land at ;—es and a handsome moonl- At run e ver --ll ses you Tuesday -a-e.

"All serene in earnest," cried Sedley. "What was *trussed* but a *chicken?* There's three letters more."

"The *run over* was by *moonlight*," said Lovelace. "That gives us still another."

"And a *bird fell lonely at the first shot.* There's a guess for you that fills out four imperfect words. Let's put these new letters in and see how the affair stands."

"We have every letter in the message but V and D," said Lovelace, after a close inspection, "and they occur in what seem to be proper names."

"We haven't got Q yet," said Joe.

"We can guess at that. *re-* must mean *rose*."

"Stick them all in and read it," cried Sedley. "I am burning to know what it all means."

Lovelace partook of his friend's excitement as he proceeded to fill out the remaining blanks. The message, as completed, read as follows:

All serene. The chicken is trussed at the old crib in the row. My bird fell lonely at the first shot. Made land at -ikes, and a handsome moonlight run over. Will see you Tuesday. -ake.

"That leaves two proper names for us to learn," said Lovelace. "The first may be *Mike's*, and the signature *Jake*. But we can only tell positively by discovering the key. It may be important to be sure of these names."

"Perhaps it may; but the whole message looks like Greek to me, even as translated. How shall we find the key?"

Lovelace replied by writing down the alphabet, and beneath each letter its corresponding letter in the message, so far as discovered. It stood as follows:

a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s							
c	*f*	*i*	*l*	*e*	*r*	*u*	*s*	*a*		*g*	*j*	*m*	*p*	*s*			*h*	*e*							
t	u	v	w	x	y	z																			
h	*k*	*n*		*w*																					

"We have all represented but j, p, q, w, x, and z," he said, "and wish to find which of these six stands for v and d. Fortunately the key is a very evident one."

"I don't see it," replied Sedley.

"Do you not perceive that A is represented in the cypher by *c*; B by the third letter after, or *f*; C by the third succeeding letter, or *i*, and so on; the letters of the cypher making three steps for every one in the alphabet?"

"Yes, yes; it is plain now."

"V is the third after S," continued Lovelace. "It must follow *s* in the alphabet, and must stand, therefore, for *p*, D similarly succeeds A, and represents the letter *j*."

"The name Jake is right, then. But the other name is Pike's instead of Mike's."

"You have it there," said Lovelace, laughing. "The mystery is as clear as day. It is our next business to find out where Pike's is, and to lay a watch on Jacob."

"But I can't see through it yet. The whole affair looks like sheer slang to me. How do you construe it?"

"I see nothing mysterious in it," replied Lovelace. "It is a dispatch to Benton from some of his rascally confederates, relating his success in the abduction of Miss Browning. *All serene*, of course, means that they have found the coast clear. *The chicken* is the girl, who is imprisoned at some of their hiding-places. *The bird fell lonely at the first shot*, means that they succeeded at their first effort, and without difficulty or resistance from their prisoner. *Made land* refers to their landing from the creek at a place called *Pike's*. The *moonlight run over* is evidence that they drove some distance overland. The allusion to *the rose*, and the fact of the despatch coming from Martinsville, seems proof that their prisoner is secreted somewhere in that town."

"By Jove, I believe you are correct;" cried Sedley. "And what do you design doing?"

"I design taking that girl out of their hands, or bursting somebody's boiler," said Lovelace, rising and taking his hat. "I am going first to put the boy, Sparks, on the watch at Vinedell. He saw these men, and I want him to follow Jacob when he calls to see his friend on Tuesday. He appears to be a sharp lad, and I think, with my instructions, that he will do the work. Next I want to find Pike's and see what can be learned there. Thirdly, I want you to send for this boy and bring him to me, as it is important that I keep out of the way."

"Why so?"

"Because, fourthly, this part of the country is not healthy for me just now. The girl is not their only game. John Milton Lovelace is in danger. But if they work a traverse on that young man, they will have to rise early in the morning."

"And fifthly?"

"Fifthly, I was the last person in company with Miss Browning yesterday afternoon. What is to hinder their having me arrested for the abduction and locked up in Dover jail, while they carry out their plans against the health of the lady?"

"Shrewdly put, by Jupiter!" cried Sedley, in admiration. "You are an old bird, Jack."

"Too old to be caught by their chaff," replied Lovelace. "They've barked up the wrong tree this time. If they don't find things hot about their ears before many days, then set me down as another puff of smoke. Harvey Benton has stirred up the wrong coon."

CHAPTER XXI.

A CONFERENCE AT VINEDELL.

During the morning in which the events which we have last narrated occurred, the excitement in Dover had increased to fever-heat. The news had spread throughout the surrounding coun-

try, and everywhere it was felt that it was time for some decisive action to be taken; that the existing state of affairs had about reached its climax, and about exhausted the public patience.

There was, indeed, most startling cause for the indignation and alarm of the people. For a quiet country town like Dover to have one of its chief citizens suddenly disappear, and to learn that he was either the victim or the perpetrator of a murder; and now to have the daughter of this gentleman, a young, lovely, and highly-esteemed lady, torn from her home by a base and mysterious abduction, were certainly events of imminent importance, and calling for prompt and decisive action on the part of the people.

Who could say where the course of crime thus instituted would end. It had desolated the homes of reputable fellow-citizens; it might cross their own thresholds next, and lay its destructive force on the happy circle surrounding their own firesides.

So reasoned the startled imaginations of the people of Dover and its vicinity. It was settled in all their minds that this thing could not be permitted to continue; that the villains must be taught that the lives and liberties of American citizens were not to be made the sport of a band of vile criminals.

It was so easy to make resolutions, but when the question arose of how they were to be carried into effect, the most of the people stared blankly at each other, and metaphorically scratched their heads for ideas that would not come.

The murder case had been investigated as fully as possible, yet it remained to them a deeper mystery than ever. That murder had really been committed they were now satisfied, but by whom and on whom was open to a variety of opinions, none of which had any satisfactory basis in known fact.

The abduction seemed equally mysterious. No one could conjecture its object. Were the two men whom the boy reported having seen, mythical creations of his own fancy? If not, what daring villains were these who, at such an hour and so openly, had borne off, as it were, before their very eyes, the heiress of Vinedell?

In fact, it proved to have been really before their eyes. One of the townsfolk, who had slept serenely through the excitement of the previous night, now related having seen a boat, with two or three occupants, pass down the creek just after nightfall. It had its sail set, a fair breeze had sprung up with the night, and it was moving rapidly. It was too dark at the time for him to distinguish any other particulars.

This story appeared to negative the idea of Mr. Benton. Under this idea, all search had been made up stream. It was now apparent that the search must be extended down stream. There was a possibility of yet intercepting the villains, though of this, little hope was entertained. At all events, some facts might be ascertained which would lead to the discovery of the missing lady.

Despatches were at once sent to all the neighboring telegraphic stations, except Melton, detailing these events, and calling upon the authorities to exercise the utmost vigilance, and use every possible effort, in the apprehension of the villains and the release of their helpless captive.

Melton was passed over from the fact that several persons had already started, on horseback, in this direction, with instructions to spread the news wherever they went; to seek traces of the abductors in every place, and to question every person who might have seen them; putting the whole country, in short, on the alert for the discovery and apprehension of the villains, and the release of their unhappy prisoner.

The feeling at Vinedell was yet more intense than in the town. It here passed beyond the forms of alarm and indignation, and reached that of anguish.

Miss Browning had been loved by all the household. Her cheerful and kind temperament had won the esteem of those beneath her, though without detracting, in any sense, from the dignity of her position.

They looked on her in the light of a friend considerate for their comfort, quite as much as a mistress, and felt her loss far more severely than if she had been one of themselves.

Mr. Benton seemed as strongly affected as any of the household by the disaster which had come upon them. His excitement of the previous evening had kept him up to a very late hour. Yet it was early in the morning that he had himself dressed and borne down stairs to his accustomed chair. Irksome as it was to the once active man, he was forced to thus live between bed and chair, his body half dead, though his brain burned with all its old fire.

He sent at once for the servants who had made the fruitless search up stream. They had been absent nearly the whole night, but utterly without favorable result.

The messengers whom he sent for news to the town brought back similar word. Nothing more was known, though the citizens were taking such measures as seemed to them advisable.

He finally requested a conference with the leading citizens upon the subject. It was utterly impossible for him to leave his chair, and he desired that they would come to Vinedell, and bring such evidence as they had concerning the abduction.

To facilitate this he sent the Vinedell carriage, and such other vehicles as were available for the conveyance of these persons to the mansion; delicately hinting that he did this to prevent delay and trouble in getting ready their own conveyances.

Mr. Joel Brown, the attorney, Dr. Pangloss, and a number of others, responded to the summons. Among them was the detective officer, Mr. Fogg, whose services had not yet been dispensed with in the murder case, and who, it was thought, might prove very useful in the matter of the abduction.

Mr. Benton received the deputation cordially, but with a face full of anxiety, and displaying evidence of his loss of sleep.

"Be seated, gentlemen," he said, in courteous tones. "It is the first time that I have had the pleasure of seeing some of you since my misfortune," he continued, as he noticed curious glances directed toward his paralyzed limbs, "but the momentous subject which brings us together is so all-absorbing that any private trouble of mine must vanish before its terrible force."

"The subject to which you allude is the abduction of Miss Browning?" asked the lawyer.

"It is, sir. That most daring and outrageous act remains yet utterly unexplained and mysterious. I have used such poor efforts as lay within my power, confined as I am personally to this chair, to frustrate their designs and recover my niece from their hands. Unfortunately my efforts have not been attended with success."

"We have made similar efforts," answered another of the citizens. "Telegraphic dispatches have been forwarded, and parties are out now scouring the country, with, at least, a hope of overtaking the villains. If captured we will make such an example of them as will effectually deter any such criminals in the future."

"I hope so. I hope so, indeed," said Mr. Benton, feelingly. "You can scarce imagine, gentlemen, how deeply I have been wounded by this blow. I love my neice with all the warmth of my nature, and to have her thus torn from under my protection, and exposed—she, a poor, frail flower—to danger and suffering such as we shrink to conceive of, and I utterly helpless, bound here by the iron hand of disease, when I would have flown to her rescue. It is hard, sirs. It is hard. She is to me now, as it were, my own child; and you must forgive any unwonted display of feeling on my part."

His hands were raised involuntarily to his eyes, and then dropped again suddenly, as if in shame for thus making a show of his emotion. Several of the gentlemen present seemed almost equally affected by this manifestation of feeling.

There was a hard look, however, in Lawyer Brown's eyes, and a display of indifference in the Doctor's manner that made it seem as if the practice of the professions must have a hardening effect upon the finer feelings of mankind.

"Your emotion is very natural under the circumstances," said the citizen who had spoken before, "and does your nature credit. You are not alone in this. I look upon Miss Browning with almost as much affection as I look upon my own daughters, and am ready to take part in any measures that may be instituted for her recovery, and the punishment of her abductors. To this my time and my money are freely offered."

"Thank you, Mr. Thomson. I shall not hesitate to avail myself of your kind offer," said Mr. Benton. "I must use my friends now, as my own powers are taken from me at this critical time."

"The next question is, what is to be done?" said Mr. Brown, coldly. "We are here now for the purpose of considering the features of this case, and devising some expedient."

"My opinion to a hair," answered the Doctor. "A word of good counsel just now is worth an ocean of tears."

There was a slight flash in Mr. Benton's eyes, as he looked at the speakers.

"You are right," he shortly replied, "I am told you have gained some important evidence. I will be glad to hear it."

Mr. Thomson proceeded to detail the story of the boy, and of the party who had seen the boat sailing down stream.

"I did not imagine that," said Mr. Benton, with an exclamation of surprise. "I concluded that the mountains would be their goal, and sent my messengers up the valley."

"An unlucky error," said the lawyer, dryly. "We are trying down the creek, but, I am afraid, a trifle late."

"If we could imagine the object of these abductors it might aid us in our search," replied Mr. Benton, earnestly. "It is possible they are acting with a hope of ransom. But there may be some deeper and more hidden object."

"Very possibly," said Dr. Pangloss. "The evidence we have teaches nothing as to this point. It is unfortunate that we have nothing more precise as to their persons or purposes."

"Perhaps we have," said a voice from the back part of the room.

Mr. Benton slightly started, and looked quickly around. He was imitated in this by several others.

The speaker came forward. It was detective Fogg. He had, so far, sat without speaking, quietly listening to the remarks of the others.

"What is it?" asked the lawyer, turning his chair so as to face the officer.

"It is, that a person was seen in company with Miss Browning, near nightfall yesterday, and not far from the point which the boy describes in his story."

"Was this person known?"

"He was. After the hour I speak of he was in Dover. But he immediately after disappeared from the town, and has not been seen there since. We have thus reason to believe that this person was as intimately mixed up with the latter as he appeared to be with the former crime."

"To whom do you allude?" cried Mr. Brown.

"To the man calling himself Mr. Milton Lovelace."

"He was proved to be quite clear of the other crime, and probably is as clear of this. You have made a most unfair and unjust allusion."

"Because I am not so well satisfied as you seem to be about the other affair," said the detective. "I doubt this man, and think he should be arrested and made to explain his actions."

"I quite agree with you," said Mr. Benton.

Severally others expressed themselves similarly. The star of Lovelace seemed again to be on the decline.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GERMANTOWN, Pa., thinks it should have a special gala-day during the Centennial year. A correspondent writes to the *Telegraph:* "Let us celebrate the patriotic deeds of our forefathers as well as those of the participants in the War of 1812. There are so many interesting incidents connected with the history of our ancient town—a distinct and isolated place before being absorbed into the great city of which it is now a part—that it is no more than proper that something should be done in the way of a celebration ere the Centennial year passes away. A grand public meeting and a procession in which the descendants of Revolutionary soldiers and the surviving participants of the War of 1812 could take part would be a pleasant manner of commemorating and showing a just appreciation for the deeds of the past. Although victory did not perch on our banners at the battle of Germantown, our soldiers stubbornly contested the ground and paid the penalty by the sacrifice of their lives. To honor the memory of those who thus nobly fought and fell, I would suggest that the fourth day of October next, the ninety-ninth anniversary of the event, be appointed for the celebration."

"THE SOFTBOY PAPERS."

NUMBER V.

FLASHINGTON SOFTBOY TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR: Is it with a view to encourage my wife, Lulu Softboy, in the way in which she *shouldn't* go, that you publish her fierce attack upon my pipes and dogs? I should like a fair, square, clear and definite understanding upon this subject, as I rather counted upon you as a friend, and thought you would uphold me as a man and a husband. But if my dogs—I mean my feelings—are to be trampled upon, and my pipes smashed—I mean attacked—in this unprecedented and, I may say, unfashionable manner, why, where am I?

The earth gives way beneath my feet. I have no moral foothold, none whatever. I am defied! I know I am. I should not be surprised if the publication of that letter, sir, in your columns, sir, should produce the undesirable, indeed, alarming effect of leading my lawful wife to snap her fingers under my marital nose. And *then* where are we? The bulwark of a man's liberty, sir, is his tobacco! It is that, sir, that upholds the constitution—I mean *his* constitution—and, from the hour when Michael Angelo—I mean Christopher Columbus discovered America, up to the present moment, sir, there has always been tobacco, so far as I know, and, for that matter, *dogs!*

Where is the man prepared to deny this? If such a miscreant exists, let him not be backward in coming forward. I, Flashington Softboy, Esq., of the Concentrated Cream Club, will meet him in single combat, my foot upon my native carpet, my meerschaum in my hand! Avaunt! There is no sort of speculation in the eyes with which a man so unprincipled and lost to truth would undertake to stare *me* out of countenance!

But let it go. I'm not a fightist. Our set seldom fight—never, I may say, unless they are forced to it. It disturbs the symmetry of one's costume, and that to the man of true fashion is everything. What earthly satisfaction can compare to that of knowing that one's necktie is peaceful and undisturbed?

I understand, sir, that among the vulgar herd a fiendish satisfaction is derived from the crushing of the hat of an antagonist, and that to tear off the coat-tail of an opponent is looked upon as an act of triumphant malice. How fallen is such a wretch! How base is such a nature! Such a lily could not be gilded, and nobody would undertake to pass off such a fellow as that as refined gold.

Perhaps I am rather mixing Shakespeare up, but even the greatest minds have their moments of weakness, and mine, sir, has had a blow in that letter of Lulu's to the Post. Pardon these tears! I find it to be considerably sharper than a serpent's thanks to have a wife that objects to dogs and to tobacco. This moment of emotion being over, I will endeavor to command myself, and to rise superior to this injustice. Surrounded as I am at this moment by seven dogs, and enveloped in the fumes of my pipe, I feel morally, mentally, physically, philosophically, socially, and, indeed, metaphysically, sustained. Richard—that is to say Flashington—is himself again.

Languid Stunnington was here this morning. He says that in England the custom of wearing mourning for relatives and friends is about to be laid aside—even husbands are not to be mourned in mourning.

Did you ever? *I* never. Lulu now, who is always apeing an English fashion, when not rushing after a French one, will be sure to take this thing up, and the next thing I know will be that she won't go into mourning even for me. You may mildly remark that if there is any occasion for her going into mourning for me, *I* shall probably know nothing about it.

"Cato, thou reasonest well!" 'Tis even so! and it couldn't be so-er. And there is a sublime consolation, as Languid Stunnington remarked, in the fact that, if a man has a mother-in-law, he need not, under this present threatening change, be called upon to put even the narrowest crape around his hat on the occasion of her lamented decease; an act which, being done, Stunnington thinks stamps a man an idiot forever.

There is not the slightest probability of the departure from this mundane sphere of the respected mother-in-law in whom I, "yours to command," at present rejoice—or don't rejoice. Women like that priceless creature never die. If they did, there would not be so many of them. In residences, my dear sir, of the most palatial magnificence, a mother-in-law glares upon the hearthstone.

I am told by my friend, Cynical Sneerby—whom by this time I am sure that you must know well enough to recognize if you heard him speak—that the ancients at their feasts indulged in the pleasing and conciliating habit of having a skeleton or so stuck about in any convenient and conspicuous spot in the gay and festive halls of light, that might appear most appropriate for such an agreeable presence. We sir, in these days, have not the skeleton, but we have our mothers-in-law, and, from painful personal experience, I can assure you that their presence answers every purpose such as was proposed in the barbarian or classic habit of the grinning skeleton. That purpose, I understand, was to remind one of the transitory and deceptive nature of human joy.

Now I look upon all those Greek and Roman chaps as about the greatest humbugs that there were anywhere, and I conscientiously believe that their true aim in this sort of thing was *economy*. They were afraid, in point of fact, that their guests would eat too much, and that there would not be enough left of the meringue and chicken salad of the period—though I don't suppose that those were precisely the dishes in fashion at that somewhat remote epoch—to furnish forth the lunch-table of the following morning, if lunch there were, and on that point I also admit that my own individual information is vague and unsatisfactory.

Perhaps they eat cold gladiator? Could you let me know in your columns a little about this, as, on these matters of classic research I like to be clear? Does not somebody say that Agrippina, for instance, eat cold gladiator, habitually, with Empress sauce—*sauce a' l' Imperatrice*, as it were? If I have confused Agrippina and the Queen of the Cannibal Islands, don't hesitate to mention it. I am not a book-worm, my dear sir, *I* am a man of fashion.

But to return to the question of the economical views of the ancients in this little matter of the sorrowful skeleton—and to be at a feast in anything but evening dress, is enough to make anybody sorrowful, even a skeleton. Don't you agree with me? Why, let me ask, did not the ancients have their mother-in-law at the feasts? You will see my aim in a moment. I am coming to it. The human mind, even if its progress has been but limited, at once discovers that every economical purpose would have been answered in the presence of those amiable females at those feats, however inviting those feasts may have been.

Sympathy prevents a man from eating heartily in the presence of his friend's mother-in-law. This sort of thing, you see "strikes the electric chord by which married men are darkly bound," and *this* leads me, Mr. Editor, to the triumphant assertion that the ancients *killed* their mothers-in-law! What do you think of that, sir? How does that strike you?

Little did you think what a valuable man you had attached to the service of your really very handsome and entertaining paper! I wish that we should correspond, Mr. Editor, upon this subject, and modesty does *not* forbid me to say that I think that we shall strike upon a few views that will commend themselves to the inquiring publicus original, to say the least.

You may ask why—for I have no doubt that your feelings have been touched by the scarcely smothered emotion of these lines, and that you say to yourself, "Whence these agonizing reflections, my dear Softboy? Why does your mind so manly and bold in its usual line of thought, turn to the very ancients for consolation, when the theme of the moment is, a mother-in-law?"

Ah, sir; as I said before, with regard to the meerschaum and the dogs, pardon these tears! My emotion nearly strangles me when I say that my mother-in-law, although she does not positively dwell beneath my "vine and fig tree"—that is poetic, but do not for a moment imagine that a man of fashion would so lower himself as to dwell beneath that sort of thing—she still manages to rule everything and everybody on those occasions when she does appear, and—this I beg you to suppress in publication as, indeed, everything to the august "Dowager," Dazzleton—the chief reason why I do not give in to Lulu, in the matter of the dogs and the meerschaum, is because they form almost my only means of protection against that woman. Woman, I repeat *woman!* She said only the other day, when she heard that I told Cynical Sneerby that she was "a fine-looking woman," "Well, I should think Mr. Softboy might at least have said *lady!*" Sneerby thought that was too good to be lost, and so he told me.

That is enough to show the disposition, Mr. Editor, the rampant devil—I mean demon—that is there! Who the deuce—I mean Dickens—ever thought of insinuating that Mrs. Dazzleton was *not* a lady? Such a thought never crossed my mind, for one. But that's the sort of temper with which she governs me, Lulu, Alphonse, my valet, Gretchen, Lulu's maid, the cook, the maids below stairs, and even would govern the bottle-washer had we such a functionary in our establishment where, let me say we don't need one. For Alphonse sees that the bottles go back to the wine-dealer with a fresh order which that Gallic rascal has repeatedly renewed without the slightest authorization on my part; so you see that a bottle-washer's position would not amount to much, and I only mention it because it is habitual to say of a female Tartar like Mrs. Dazzleton that she governs everybody, "from the master down to the bottle-washer." Why, if we had one she would wither him up with her scorn! She snubs everybody who does not fly to wait upon her, and the dogs cowered before her "in the early time." But that "early time" before I had lost my illusions regarding her, is, I may say, over. I, who was inclined to "look up to her as a mother," as she particularly requested me to do, now look down upon her as a would-be tyrant, for was it not her base mind that first suggested to the comparatively unsophisticated Lulu to be taken with a dizziness in the head whenever I appeared with my faithful and almost inseparable companion, my pipe? Was it not she who suggested that every thing in the shape of a dog has incipient hydrophobia? And why, simply because one of these sportive, innocent and harmless creatures was accidentally sat upon by her, and, in the indignation naturally produced by that entirely unlooked-for and unprecedented event, barked violently, and for some hours afterwards! Suppose that any one had flung himself or herself upon the chair where she was seated, would she have liked it? Would she have barked—I mean remonstrated? I rather think she would, if my opinion is asked!

Then the pipe! I really wish you would see her flapping her belaced handkerchief before her Roman nose, and opening windows and pretending to gasp and choke! It is really as good as a play. She looks as though she thought that I am not fit to live. I mildly asked her upon the hundredth occasion upon which she did this kind of thing where a man might smoke if not in his own house? She replied, faintly, pretending to half stifle her words:

"At his club, to be sure!"

But does she think that I propose to deprive myself of the society of my lawful wedded spouse—I presume I may say spouse, for I suppose she is "a spouse"—and turn myself out of doors in all kinds of weather for the purpose of allowing *her* to revel in the foreground of Lulu's affections, and at all times and seasons, poison her mind against my pipes *and* my dogs?

It shall not be! Wild thoughts of pinioning my mother-in-law, smashing her French hat—were such a thought not mere phrenzy—filling her nostrils with smoke enough to keep her busy sneezing for the remainder of her natural existence—which would effectually keep her from talking, and putting two or three dogs upon her august lap, *Acee*, I admit it, crossed my maddened brain. It is but the premonition of the anger of Lulu, whom I really don't dislike, you know, that deters me from this determined, and, to all probability, final step. But it is with feeling that I urge you, urge you, Mr. Editor, in your proud position *as* an editor, which carries with it an awful degree of awful responsibility, to endeavor, quietly and diplomatically, as it were, and without "unmasking your batteries," as they say in military parlance, to pen a series of articles, of which the true but occult aim would be to re-introduce that practice of the ancients which I have to-day snatched from probable oblivion; to wit, *the immolation of the mother-in-law.*

Now, I think of it, it was most likely upon the Hymeneal Altar that they perished. The ancients—especially the Romans—were not the kind of chaps to stand having them round. "Look to it, my lord, look to it"—and *I* shall look for that series of articles.

Anxiously and truly yours,

FLASHINGTON SOFTBOY.

PEN-PICTURE OF DELHI.

Delhi, memorable for its seige during the India Mutiny, though no longer, as formerly, the seat of empire, and small in comparison with Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay, is a highly flourishing city, and at the present time may be said to be the centre of Asiatic finance. It is situated on the banks of the river Jumna, and is, roughly speaking, about two hundred and sixty miles from Cawnpore. It is one of the most ancient cities in Hindostan, and for more than a thousand years has been the seat of dynasties which have risen, flourished, and passed away, leaving traces of splendor in the palace and the tomb, the mosque and the temple, minaret and tower. Its ancient splendor may be imagined when it is remembered that it once covered a space of nearly thirty miles along the banks of the Jumna. The inhabited part of it, however, is now about seven miles in circuit, seated on a rocky range of hills, and surrounded by an embattled wall. The houses are many of them substantially built, and are very high. There are a great number of mosques, with high minarets and gilded domes, and above all is seen the palace of the Padishahs, which was one of the wonders of Hindostan, containing the famous "Peacock Throne," and on the walls of one of whose saloons is carved the inscription, "If there be a Paradise on earth, it is here, it is here," which Moore has so charmingly used as the burden of one of the songs in "The Light of the Harem." Nor was the inscription unjustifiable, according to the description of the palace given by travelers about a couple of centuries ago. But now its glory is departed, and the exterior alone, with its lofty cluster of Gothic towers and battlements, tells of what it once was.

Next, perhaps, in position and importance among the public buildings of Delhi is the Jumna Musjid, the largest and handsomest place of Mussulman worship in India. It has three domes of white marble, with black stripes, and the whole front is flanked by two minarets of alternate bands of white and rose-tinted marble.

Another famous spot is the Kootab Minar, which is some little distance from the city. Here is a colossal column erected by one of the Mahommedan conquerors, a mosque containing a pillar of hammered iron of the height of forty-five feet, and celebrated for its wonderful arcades of columns, originally forming a cloister.

The chief material of all these fine buildings is red granite of a very agreeable though solemn color, inlaid in some of the ornamental parts with white marble, and the general style of building is massive, but of a simple and impressive character.

The streets of Delhi are, as a rule, narrow, but the main thoroughfare—the "Chandni Chauk"—is nearly a mile long, one hundred and fifty feet wide, and lined with handsome shops and bazaars. It runs north and south from the gate of the palace to the Delhi gate of the city, and is, for an Indian city, a remarkably clean street. Along the middle is a channel of water cased with stone. This is part of the celebrated aqueduct originally built by a Persian noble. Its length is nearly one hundred and twenty miles.

Half way along the Chandni Chauk is the imperial palace of Shah Jehan, surrounded by a wall, and with two round towers and two great gateways, each defended by an outer barbican.

The street in the daytime must have a very lively and picturesque appearance, thronged as it is by merchants and traders from all parts of the empire. The population is now estimated at about one hundred and sixty thousand.

"KNOW THY OPPORTUNITY."

The grim monster, Death, was stealthily approaching. I could almost feel his hot, fiery breath upon my forehead. My faithless goddess, Hygeia, had utterly deserted me. Only now and then would Morpheus befriend me, but on this auspicious day, he had deigned to moisten my eyelids with heavenly ambrosia, and I slept. As I slept, behold, I had a dream! I thought that I was roaming upon foreign soil, whither my physician had sent me to recover my health. I was in a great metropolis—one of the grand marts of the world. In one of my strolls I chanced to meet a man who had in his hand a handsomely-bound volume, entitled "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," and who said that he was an agent for the sale of the book. The title was such a novel one, that I was impelled to give the work a casual notice. As I hastily glanced over its pages, I observed that it contained treatises not commonly found in medical works. But I had too many times been hoaxed by appearances, and I determined that I would have *nothing* to do with it. A voice within me, like a faithful mentor, whispered, "*Know thy opportunity;* in that book is thy salvation!" I began reasoning with myself. Although doubtful and distrustful, yet I put forth my hand to take the book, and lo! the agent was gone! I was miserable. In my agony I awoke. Great drops of perspiration were upon my brow. By my bedside was a friend who had called during my slumber to see me. Said my friend, "I have brought with me a book, just published, which I thought might interest you." One glance at the work, and I was assured that it was "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y.. Surely this was the veritable book which I had seen in my dreams. My friend loaned me the work, and every day, as my strength permitted, I perused its pages. Although it contained very interesting treatises on Biology, Cerebral Physiology, Human Temperaments, Nursing of the Sick, etc., yet, being an invalid, I was most interested in the subjects of Diseases and Remedies. I believed that I had a liver affection, and yet more than one medical attendant had pronounced my disease Consumption, and that I would fall with the autumn leaves. In that book I found my symptoms perfectly portrayed. I was then confident that I had not deceived myself. I reasoned thus: "Any man who can so truthfully depict my feelings, and apparently understands my constitutional tendencies must know *just* what my physical system demands. I will trust my case with Dr. Pierce. I will take his Golden Medical Discovery, as recommended for my disease." The result is, that after having perseveringly followed his prescribed treatment, I once again enjoy the blessings of health. Therefore, I would say to the afflicted, "Know thy opportunity," and take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. QUIS.

CHILDREN.—Hard be his fate who makes not children happy; it is so easy. It does not require wealth, or position, or fame; only a little kindness, and the tact which it inspires. Give a child a chance to love, to play, to exercise his imagination and affections, and he will be happy. Give him the conditions of health—simple food, air, exercise, and a little variety in his occupations—and he will be happy, and expand in happiness.

POSTSCRIPTS.

—Poltroon is traced to the Latin words *pollice truncus*, a term of scorn first applied to the bare Norman, who deprived himself of his thumb that he might not draw his bow in defence of his country.

—In England a license has to be taken out by all persons who hire male servants, and at Wandsworth a person has been fined £5 for employing (without a license) a boy two hours every morning to clean knives, blacken boots, etc.

—A clergyman's widow gave this advice to a young lady friend the other day: "Jane, if ever you marry a minister, marry one who in an emergency has enough of the grace of God in his heart to go from the pulpit to the kitchen and pare the potatoes for dinner without growling."

—Five o'clock tea has become quite an institution in Paris, only it is called *lunch*. Colored cloths are spread on the table, such as rose, blue, and buff, and many of these are daintily embroidered. Some are white damask, with a crimson cluster of fruits in the centre, and crimson bordering.

—The Oxford University Press, which recently issued the "smallest Bible," has now published the smallest Prayer Book ever printed. It is a complete Prayer Book, and measures three and a half inches in length, two and an eighth in breadth, and a quarter of an inch in thickness, and weighs barely an ounce. It is printed on India paper, as a companion volume to the Bible.

—The new St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York, is 322 feet long, 97 feet wide in the clear, with a transept 172 feet, an elevation of 100 feet from the floor to the crown point of the clear story. The walls have been built, and they are now putting on the roof. The cost of the cathedral will probably be in the neighborhood of a million dollars.

—The Detroit Post thinks Dean Stanley, in officiating at the marriage of Professor Tyndall, should have asked the bride if she would take that anthropoid to be her co-ordinate, to love with her nerve-centres and to cherish with her whole cellular tissue, until a final molecular disturbance should resolve her organism to its primitive atoms. But he didn't, and if he had she would probably have said no.

—Ladies would perhaps be less inclined to array themselves in fine feathers if they thought for a moment of the great slaughter of beautiful birds that is implied in their cruel decoration. Statistics of a late feather sale in England show that to furnish material for that one sale at least 9,700 herons or egrets and 16,574 humming-birds must have been killed. On reading this numerous ladies will burst into tears and get more feathers as soon as possible.

—Among the many parties and receptions that have enlivened New York society this winter, none perhaps have been productive of more beneficial results than those of the so-called "Cooking Club." The organization is composed of ten ladies and as many gentlemen, who meet at the house of each lady in succession, at intervals of two weeks. Each lady is required to cook something, and send it to the house in which the meeting is held. Upon assembling, the guests sit down to supper, when the gentlemen freely criticise the dishes, without, of course, knowing who has prepared them.

—An enterprising grocer in the town of Santa Clara, California, has adopted an original method of business. Each side of the store is fitted up for business on its own account. In the general arrangement each side is a duplicate of the other, the difference being that one side is cash and the other credit. When a customer comes in the first question asked is "Do you wish to buy for cash or on account?" If it is a cash customer the goods and prices on the cash side are shown, but if it is one who wants credit he is shown the other side, and for the first time in his life, perhaps, made to realize the value of ready money.

—The Georgia ladies find it expensive these hard times to assume their leap-year rights. A party of them at Columbus unanimously passed the following:

1. *Resolved*, That we have always been opposed to the young gentlemen hiring carriages to take us to places of amusement, simply because it raised.

2. *Resolved*, With a view of setting an example and a precedent, we obligate ourselves to ignore carriages, and provide ourselves with an umbrella, a waterproof and a pair of overshoes, and we shall ask those gentlemen whom we are to escort to be provided likewise.

AT our request, Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, have promised to send any of our readers, gratis (on receipt of fifteen cents to pay postage), a sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap, to try. Send at once.

RECEIPTS.

LOSS OF MEAT IN COOKING.—Beef in boiling loses nearly one-fourth of its weight, in roasting and baking it loses nearly one-third. The same is true of mutton. It is more economical, therefore, to boil meat than to bake it, but the flavor is best preserved by roasting.

TO MAKE CASTS OF MEDALS.—Melt eight ounces of sulphur over a gentle fire, and with it mix a small quantity of fine vermilion; stir it well together, and it will dissolve like oil; then pour it into the mould, which is just to be rubbed over with oil. When cool, the figure may be touched over with aquafortis, and it will look like fine coral.

IF fine steel engravings of statuary have the paper close to the picture cut carefully away and are then pasted on to black velvet they will make very handsome pictures for framing. There are wood engravings so good that they may be used in the same way on a background of black cloth. Placed in a rustic frame and hung on a white wall they may give great pleasure. In these little adornments taste often counts more than money.

TREATMENT OF HEN CANARIES WHILE MOLTING.—Keep plenty of saffron in the drinking water. Give sopped bread and milk fresh every morning. Crush a mixture of canary, rape and a little hemp seed, and give a little fresh every morning. Give her water to bathe in when the sun shines. Be sure she is not infested with parasites—bird vermin; if you have any doubt, put a white saucer or small vessel containing water under the bird when she goes to roost for the night, and if she has those tormentors you will see in the morning some floating on the water. It is worth your while to look at them through a microscope. Take some carbolic acid, and put just enough water to make it a liquid, and after cleaning your cage with hot water, put on the carbolic acid with a paint brush both on the inside and outside of the cage; let it dry in the sun, and it will be a sure cure, and no injury to the bird.

ALL kinds of glass vessels and other utensils may be purified from long-retained smells of every kind in the easiest and most perfect manner by rinsing them out well with charcoal powder, after the grosser impurities have been scoured off with sand and potash. Rubbing the teeth with fine charcoal powder, and then washing out the mouth, will render the teeth beautifully white and the breath perfectly sweet, where an offensive breath has been owing to a scorbutic disposition of the gums. Putrid water is immediately deprived of its bad smell by charcoal. When meat, fish, etc., from intense heat or long keeping, are likely to pass into a state of corruption, a simple and easy mode of keeping them sound and healthful is to put a few pieces of charcoal, about the size of an egg, into the pot or saucepan wherein the fish or flesh is to be boiled.

A Harmless

And most delightful toilet preparation for beautifying the complexion and preserving the skin is Laird's "Bloom of Youth." Genuine prepared only by George W. Laird. It is perfectly simple and pure, and warranted free from any material detrimental to health. It is far superior to the old fashion beautifiers, such as powders, chalk, meen fun, etc., etc., for imparting youth and beauty to the skin. The "Bloom of Youth" is preferable to any other preparation offered for the same purpose. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods stores.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

Ten Cents.—For ten cents we will send a beautiful book of one hundred and sixty choice selections from the poetical works of Byron, Moore and Burns; also fifty selected popular songs and other writings. DESMOND & CO., 915 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1821

Saturday Evening, April 8, 1876.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

Chicago—132 *Clark St.*,
The Subscription News Co.
Pittsburgh—198 *Penn Ave.*,
C. C. Dunnells, Manager.
Boston—45 *Franklin St.*,
Geo. A. Foscroft, Jr., Manager.
New York—293 *Broadway*,
F. H. Tinker, Manager.
St. Louis—619 *North Fifth St.*,
J. W. Marsh, Manager.
London, Ont.—522 *Richmond St.*,
J. M. Chute & Co., Gen. Agents.

CENTENNIAL SKETCHES.

We have the pleasure to give our readers the initial number of a series of sketches from the pen of Charles McKnight, Esq., of Pittsburg, the talented and well-known author of "Fort Duquesne," "Simon Girty," etc. The sketches will be found to contain fresh and entertaining incidents, which Mr. McKnight enjoys peculiar facilities for obtaining, and which he has also a peculiarly happy way of his own in delineating and weaving together into articles which, while they amuse and entertain, at the same time give the reader a better insight into the history of that eventful period in the history of our country than can be obtained from dry histories.

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

Character is formed by an immense variety of minute circumstances, more or less under the control of the individual. Not a day passes without its discipline, whether for good or for evil. There is no act, however trivial, but has its train of consequences; as there is no hair so small but casts its shadow.

Every action; every thought; every feeling contributes to the education of the temper, the habits, and understanding, and exercises an inevitable influence upon all the acts of our future life. Thus character is undergoing constant changes for better or for worse; either being elevated on the one hand, or degraded on the other.

The best sort of character cannot be formed without effort. There needs the exercise of constant self-watchfulness, self-discipline, and self-control. There may be much stumbling, faltering, and temporary defeat; difficulties and temporary defeat; difficulties and temptations manifold to be battled with and overcome; but if the spirit be strong and the heart be upright, no one need despair of ultimate success. The very effort to advance—to arrive at a higher standard of character than we have reached—is inspiring and invigorating; and even though we may fall short of it, we cannot fail to be improved by every honest effort made in an upward direction.

And with the light of great examples to guide us, one is not only justified, but bound in duty to aim at reaching the highest standard of character; not to become the richest in means, but in spirit; not the greatest in worldly position, but in true honor; not the most intellectual, but the most virtuous; not the most powerful and influential, but the most truthful, upright, and honest.

PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE.

Those parents who believe that they have done all they can for their sons by giving them a liberal school education, make one of the most distressing mistakes that afflict modern society and business circles. No class of men in city or country is so deserving of pity as those who have a good education, good morals, but no practical knowledge of the solid business affairs of life.

They are deserving of pity because they are really worthy of a better position in life than their capabilities will warrant, and because they are not to blame for being unfitted for responsible positions. Thousands of well-educated young men walk the streets of the cities, even in the flush of prosperous times, who do not know how to earn their livelihood, and go seeking day after day, such positions as they believe their talents demand, and meet with disappointment at every turn.

It is a noteworthy fact that nearly, if not quite all, of the great, good, and substantial business men of our country have come up from boyhood, familiar with the use of the axe, plough, forge, or plane; and they are not now, nor have they ever been ashamed to own that their hands have been hardened with toil. Labor is a great gift; it is a prompter of health, and hence of happiness and prosperity.

No young man is without the means of success who is willing to work. Let him secure an education adapted to the practical affairs of life, and, with his habits of industry and perseverance, success will be certain, no matter how many obstacles may have beset his early career.

MY HEART IS THINE.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

When Spring's first violet on the gale
Her tender perfume flings;
When, deep in some sequester'd vale,
The thrush his love-tale sings;
When all bright things of earth and sky
In hymns of praise combine,
One song, one pray'r alone breathe I:
"Sweet love, wilt thou be mine?"

When from the woodland still and lone,
Through the long Summer night,
Sad Philomel's impassion'd tone
Thrills with love's deep delight;
When, steep'd in balmiest breath of June,
The earth seems half divine,
No change know I in words or tune,
But sing, "Wilt thou be mine?"

When Autumn's red and Autumn's gold
Paint wood and wold and hill;
When Winter nights grow drear and cold,
Love, I am changeless still.
Though violets wither, roses fade,
Love's calendar and mine
Mark Summer still in sun and shade,
And still my heart is thine!

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

By A. H. WHARTON.

PART XII.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

During the winter of 1776, an unsuccessful expedition had been made into Canada, led by Arnold and Montgomery; but up to the period of the evacuation of Boston, that city had been the main theatre of action. After placing it in a state of security, Washington moved his army to New York, foreseeing that that would be the next point of assault against which the British would direct their forces. The royal governor had already been obliged to quit New York, and on the 14th of April Washington took possession and began to fortify the town and its environs.

An attack was made on Charleston, South Carolina, June 28th, 1776, in which the British were repulsed, and Sergeant Jasper covered himself with glory by replacing the flag upon the ramparts, from which it had been shot away, amid a shower of bullets. The bravest and most important act of this great drama, however, was not performed in the heat of battle, amid its deafening roar, and hail of shot and shell: it was a step taken silently, deliberately, and after mature reflection, like most steps that leave their impress upon the ages. It was decided by the oldest men in the Colonies, that a document signifying their formal separation from Great Britain, should be written and promulgated. This Declaration of Independence was composed by Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, and subsequently revised by Adams and Franklin. It was deemed expedient that it should have its birth in this Southern Colony, so the Revolution was introduced by R. H. Lee, and penned by Jefferson.

Can we not picture to ourselves "the giants of those days" going up to vote for their Declaration? Feeling that they were assuming an immense responsibility, for the light had not shone through the clouds, and against 50,000 British troops there were only about 12,000 Americans in the field; yet, making a jest in the midst of the oppressive solemnity, as if to carry it off with a laugh, as spirited children are wont to do when they have taken one step into a scrape and cannot see the first step out of it, John Hancock said, "We must be unanimous: we must all hang together," to which Dr. Franklin replied, with ready wit, "We must all hang together, or else we shall all hang separately." How they must all have laughed at this! And I am glad to think of their having even that skeleton of a joke, for if we are to credit history there was not much merry-making then! Those were "days that tried men's souls," and women's, too, for they were doing their share in the great work, though so quietly that we seldom hear of it except when a stray leaf from a diary, or an old letter floats down to us from some forgotten receptacle.

Every State voted in favor of this grand old Declaration, except New York, and she did not vote against it. Why New York should have delayed at this important juncture, we are puzzled to know, for she is generally quite willing to let her voice be heard in the nation's councils. It was perhaps in commemoration of this silence that she kept quiet at the beginning of the Centennial excitement; but now, as then, she comes out all right, with colors flying, and the band playing Hail Columbia.

So the Declaration was adopted July 4th, 1776, and the bell that on that morning "Proclaimed liberty throughout the land," has never since had reason to keep quiet on that subject, except for a time in 1777 and 1778, when the British had possession of Philadelphia. When the United States lifted up her head among the nations of the earth, the name of republic had become a reproach and a byword in the Old World, so unsuccessful had been all attempts at self-government, yet the weak and struggling dared to make the trial. So weak, indeed, did the Colonies seem to be at this period, that Adjutant-General Reed wrote, "Every man from the General to the private, acquainted with our true situation, is exceedingly discouraged."

The army, however, received the Declaration with delight; infatuated the British deemed them, and the world in general, looking on, doubtless echoed the sentiment. A few great souls applauded the step, seeing in it an influence destined to radiate far beyond the circle in which it was born. The heart of the young Marquis de Lafayette burned with enthusiasm for the cause of liberty, and he declared that he would yet live to fight beside George Washington, words which were verified soon after.

Enraged and surprised at this daring move on the part of the Colonists, the King of England determined by one master stroke "to break the backbone of the rebellion," to use a modern phrase, of course imagining that the young country, like most young things, had a very poor sort of a backbone.

Accordingly, General Howe, with land forces, and Admiral Howe, with his fleet, were ordered to concentrate upon New York; their plan being to take the city and destroy the main body of the army.

As we look back upon the position of Washington and his army at this period, it seemed perilous, indeed, with the two powers approaching by land and sea, and Sir Guy Carleton in the north ready to swoop down upon them. Yet if the Commander's brave heart quailed, none knew it, and his address to his soldiers, before the disastrous battle of Long Island, is unequalled for its eloquence, courage, and entire reliance upon God, and the justice of their cause. Only in its impassioned desperation do we penetrate the depths of anxiety and anguish that filled his soul, when he sent forth his little band of patriots to meet the disproportionate numbers of a trained army. That defeat should have awaited them is not strange, with the land and naval forces of a country famous for her warriors opposed to them, and not one hand in Europe raised to help the Republic in this hour of her extremity.

In the battle of Long Island, fought August 27, 1776, the British were commanded by Sir Henry Clinton, Percy and Cornwallis; the Americans, Generals Putnam and Sullivan. Both armies fought bravely, the engagement lasting six hours. Unable to leave New York, or to reinforce the struggling Americans, Washington watched the conflict from a distance with intense anxiety, and is said to have exclaimed, on witnessing a desperate charge made by Sterling, "My God! what brave men must I this day lose!"

The loss in this battle was not, however, as great as might have been expected, in consequence of the masterly manner in which Washington conducted the retreat, bringing the remnant of the army into New York under cover of darkness and a dense fog.

After this defeat Howe made overtures in favor of peace; but the terms offered were of a nature not to be accepted by the Republic, as such; the negotiations were consequently fruitless.

Even now the Commander-in-chief had not the entire support and sympathy of Congress; they, and some of his officers, wished him to hold New York, which he deemed unadvisable or impossible. Had he possessed the discretionary power that should have been his, he would have evacuated the city at once; but in consequence of want of unanimity the movement was delayed, and the evacuation, made imperative, effected amid great confusion and peril. Washington fell back on Harlem Heights, and Putnam was only able to save his command by the aid of Mary Lindley, who invited Howe, Tryon, and others among the British officers into her house, and by the excellence of the wine and other refreshments that she set before them, and by her own gaiety and good-natured repartee, caused them to while away moments, that were equal to so many hours to the retreating army.

The battle of White Plains, which could be claimed by neither side as a victory, the loss of Forts Washington and Lee, and the subsequent retreat of the Continental army through the Jerseys, seemed to increase the gloom that pervaded the struggling Colonies—added to this the term of the militia was fast expiring, and the troops having tasted defeat, had learned to dread the approach of the enemy.

General Charles Lee had been officially ordered, and repeatedly urged by Washington to hasten to his aid, but from his desire to hold a separate command delayed his movements, being content with threatening the enemy's rear. Thus by his wilfulness and consistent disregard of orders, the safety of the army was perilled.

Without giving a detailed recital of this affair, it may be well to mention that Lee had been named as Washington's successor in case of any accident happening to the latter. Unprincipled, ambitious, and without a spark of true patriotism in his breast, Lee's policy was to frustrate and circumvent the plans of the Commander-in-chief. Fortunately, while penning a tissue of falsehoods to be sent to head-quarters, he was surprised by General Harcourt and carried off in triumph.

General Sullivan, upon whom the command of Lee's division devolved, promptly obeyed the orders given to Lee, and crossing the Delaware, joined the main army. Of the sufferings of the Continental troops during this winter, without proper clothing, shoes or blankets, and in constant peril from the attacks of an enemy vastly superior in numbers and equipments, we can form no adequate conception.

This march through Jersey, in which they could often be traced by the marks left upon the snow by the bare and bleeding feet of the soldiers, presents one of the darkest pages in the history of the war. Yet, even at this juncture Washington had courage to strike a blow that from its daring and success filled the British with dismay.

He determined with his small army to make a forced march, and surprise a body of Hessians quartered at Trenton, choosing Christmas Day for the attack, as he knew that they would then be engaged in feasting and merry-making. After marching all night, through a storm of hail and sleet, the Continental army reached Trenton by daylight, and completely surprised and defeated the Hessians. A victory at Princeton, soon after, combined with that of Trenton to raise the drooping spirits of the army, ensured the safety of Philadelphia, from which Congress had already adjourned, and gave renewed interest to the recruiting service throughout the country.

We can imagine how the news of these victories flew all over the land, how the people rejoiced, how the croakers drooped their wings, and how the brave men who in Congress guarded the nation's liberties thanked George Washington from the depths of their hearts. This they proved by conferring upon him full power as Commander-in-chief.

Although strongly tempted to attack the enemy's stores at Brunswick, Washingson prudently determined to withdraw his suffering troops to Morristown. Their numbers were considerably augmented, at this time, and stationing his army at Morristown, Princeton, and in the Highlands, on the Hudson, Washington devoted the next six months to their organization and discipline.

We have been often told that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and we may be just as well assured that a little bread is not the safest of all things; it would be far better to have plenty of both; but the sophism of those who used this argument is, that they represent the choice between little and much, whereas our election must be made between little and none at all. If the choice is to be made between a small portion of information or of food, and absolute ignorance or starvation, common-sense gives its decision in the homely proverb—"half a loaf is better than no bread."

A COVETOUS desire in the heart of youth is the germ from which may spring a poison-tree, whose atmosphere is pestilential, and the taste of whose fruit is death.

ROUGH NOTES FROM THE STREET.

BY CHARLES S. CARLISLE.

Home is either the magnet of positive or negative happiness; and then the world discovers a man's real character. One of the striking things in our American character is that while we have a home life, we are not stranded on it. We are unlimited in our faith of the home and its benign influences; feel that the holy and loving union of hearts—the family—is one of the bulwarks of Americanism, but the majority of us stop with this theory.

We build up elegant homes, shelters for our families, but we build them more as places to abide than places to rest; more for the comfort there is in outward semblance than that the family is a second self, and that this is rendered visible by feeling. This is a negative happiness. The husband rises early, goes down stairs, reads the morning papers, has his breakfast, goes to his business; he clings to that until the index finger of the clock points to his dinner hour; he rushes home, eats his dinner, and off he goes. He comes home to supper, and as soon as over, he has engagements until a late hour.

Year in and year out, that is his life; Plainly, he loves his home, but does not appreciate it.

His tender emotions—emotions that should be cradled under that roof, are mere abstractions of intellect. The family is not a second self, running parallel with his nature. The conservative laws of human nature are not delightful feelings with him. He has his wardrobe down there, his bath is there, and beside that domestic hearth he has his meals; but there it ends. His heart is not anchored there.

It was Socrates who addressed his people on love and home life so forcibly that all the bachelors in audience resolved to marry at once, and all the married men rushed home to their wives to find there the joys the great philosopher had depicted.

The family should be a sort of patriarchal sovereignty, a private royalty, and in the administration of its government, the husband and father should find his chiefest joy—that joy in sharing with the family its happiness. You cannot fulfil your duty to these children, cannot implant in them the seeds of a good life, if you are only going to visit them three times each day, and each time wrap yourself up in a newspaper or a book. You will have to get nearer to them than this hap-hazzard friendship. You say "well, after awhile I will devote more time to my family, and less to business." Yes, and after awhile your children will be grown up and shaped for the future, and if, through your neglect, the shaping is faulty, you cannot remedy the evil, and you will only have a feeling of remorse that it is so.

Unquestionably, he is blessed, who is born, and grows up, surrounded by the influence of a good home. The most sublime eulogy paid this sentiment is the fact that man has never sought to supplant it. Philosophy has attacked everything else, human and divine; this remains untouched. I do not care where or how obscure the home, the future fate of the child depends upon it in a great degree; the soul is nourished, and he grows up above all, by the help of the impression of that home. The looks and actions of the parents are a portion of that child's soul, penetrating to it through the eyes and other senses. If that home is the refuge of a father and mother constantly sharing in the life of children—sharing it, I mean—the child will go out with a great capital for success. Give them well-cultivated hearts and intellect—hearts sensible to domestic affection; the love of parents, and brothers, and sisters; a taste for home pleasures; habits of order, regularity, and industry; a hatred of vice and a lively sensibility to the excellencies of virtue, and they are safe.

CENTENNIAL FLAGS.

The traffic in bunting and national flags has begun in earnest in Philadelphia, New York and Boston, dealers in the decorative commodity no longer confining themselves to retail purchases. The large dry goods houses on Chestnut and Market streets in the former city are prominent in their patronage of the trade, and whole tiers of cases containing the gaudy prints of national insignia are displayed in the stead of the monotonous array of cotton goods, denims, and bed ticks, not identified with the coming celebration.

The amount of money which will change hands in Philadelphia alone in the decoration business is estimated at a sum equivalent to that appropriated by Congress to the furtherance of the Centennial. If the sheets of fancifully impressed muslin could be united and made one common shroud, it is believed by an enthusiastic dealer that a winding-sheet could be furnished for the globe itself, while the timber employed as flag poles alone would be sufficient to bridge the Atlantic.

The largest retail dealer in Philadelphia estimates his sales of flags at 450,000, and believes that the demand for bunting will surpass that of the combined national exhibitions thus far given. This conclusion is arrived at by reason of the numerous nationalities represented by the American population, and the desire of each to vie with the other in making the colors of their native lands do honor to the great Centennial of their adopted country. It is estimated that over $200,000 worth of flags and bunting was displayed in Philadelphia alone on Washington's Birthday.

"HE MEANS WELL ENOUGH."—Oh! no doubt; but the question is, why don't he behave as well as he means? What is the use of a man's being so odd and eccentric that nobody knows what to make of him, unless he has an apologist and an interpreter like you always at hand to explain? Isn't it just as cheap, in the long run, to be good-natured and polite, as to be morose and surly? And does not a man feel better in his own secret heart when he is conscious of being the former, than he does when the shrinking and uncertain air of those who are obliged to approach him, proclaim that he is the latter? Certainly it does, for our thoughts are always busy sitting in judgment on our own selves. Any man who carries such a bearing that no timid person, or no woman, can approach him without dread, does not need to be told *from without* that he is no gentleman. He knows it perfectly well. He is not yet reclaimed from the savage state.

DOMESTIC SHAMS.

BY MINOR PROPHET.

"Don't lie down on those pillow-shams!"

"Don't put your feet on the counterpane!"

"Don't lean your head against that white knit-tidy!"

This is the way a darling wife talks to her precious husband when he comes home at night tired out with the public shams, and seeking for domestic realities; while she, poor thing, tired out with the domestic realities, seeks to beguile her mind with social and conventional shams.

"Pillow-shams." Do you know what they are? Did you ever try to lie down on them? They are hard, starchy things, with beautiful monograms embroidered all over them. They won't fold up, but rustle and slip off the bed on the floor; they are always ready for a launch out into some place where they ought not to be. Back of them, as they are pinned on to the pillows, you can see the Sing-Sing stripe of the vulgar ticking in which the imaginary goose-feathers are inclosed.

Then, too, there is a broad, white, hard piece of embroidered linen, which goes across the bed, with a stiff, large monogram on it. This is also a "sham," and is always put on when strangers are coming into the room. It looks like a piece of fancy pie-crust, and the people who sleep in these beds are supposed to be like the four-and-twenty blackbirds of nursery history who were baked in a pie; that is, they were not in the pie because of any natural fitness, but simply because of the conventional decree of the king before whom this pretty dish was placed.

Then there are the tidies. They are always coming off on your head and shoulders. "Pick up the tidy, dear!" This is always the last word from madam as you leave the room.

"Don't put your head on the tidy!" This is the booming minute-gun of domestic danger when the cigar is lighted, and the newspaper opened, and the home circle for the evening is begun.

Then there are the white dresses for the children. Of course they will play on their hands and knees, and will get soiled and marred with nursery warfare; of course the servants will complain of the big wash and the quantity of starched clothes required for the demands of the family wardrobe.

"Why not dress the children in colored clothes? Why not put on woollen articles on them such as Mrs. A——'s children wear?"

"How queer you men talk! Don't you know that Mrs. A—— doesn't live on —— Street, and doesn't go with our set at all? How mortified I should feel if Mrs. B—— should call and see the children dressed in a different way from her own!"

That is the way the talk goes on between the public realities of bills and the domestic shams of embroidered white dresses.

"It is worse than wicked, my dear," said *Punch* the other day, representing a mother speaking to her little daughter—"it is worse than wicked—it is *vulgar!*"

But I won't croak any more to-day, for fear of becoming hoarse and unpleasant. I might go into the domestic shams of solid silver-ware, safe and paid for in the bank, while we use the plated ware in our cottage homes. I might go into some of the social shams of the present age, after the fashion of that little book which is so old and so funny, "Thinks I to Myself," but let me forbear. No doubt there is a true social instinct down at the root of things in our wives and mothers and daughters—an instinct to preserve the ideal and cherish that which is best and most truly refined.

Let us hope this is the explanation of it. Let us believe that we men are apt to forget the power of social sentiment in the presence of that daily grinding question, "What is the use?" which stares us in the face so continually.

Therefore let us believe that men are the possible and practical, and woman is the ideal and unattainable. This has an Emersonian sound. It reads well; it looks as if it might be philosophical.

But I doubt if this will satisfy us the next time we come home for a welcome, and are greeted with the warning cry:

"Don't lie on the pillow-shams!"

I fear, after all, either inwardly or outwardly, we will say, as we hurl the nasty things into the baby's crib, that which we have always said:

"Con—f—n—d the pillow-shams!"

—*Appleton's Journal.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—We would direct attention to the advertisement which appears elsewhere respecting this deservedly popular publication. The POST is issued every Saturday, and in our opinion it is the best story paper published on the continent, having a strong staff of very able contributors. It is a large eight page paper, and always contains a great amount of highly interesting general reading matter and useful information. Last week a splendid serial story entitled "The Cypher Telegram," by the author of "John Passmore's Plot," etc., was commenced, and next week another new story entitled "Baffled," by Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," etc., will be commenced, so that the present is an excellent time to subscribe. As will be seen by the advertisement, the POST will be sent one year for $2, or six months for $1, and we recommend such of our readers as desire to obtain a first class literary paper to give it a trial.—*News-Record, Fergus, Ontario, March 2, 1876.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has reduced its subscription to $2 a year. The POST enters upon the fifty-sixth year of its existence, and is a good family paper and comes to us filled with choice literary productions. It is the only paper of the kind published in the Centennial City — Philadelphia. Subscribers who want the chromo "De Soto" will have to send twenty-five cents — elegantly mounted for fifty cents, postpaid.—*Democrat, Minden, Webster Parish, La.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest literary paper in America. Under the management of Read, Wickersham & Co., it is meeting with marked success. A large chromo of "De Soto Discovering the Mississippi" is a recent publication in connection with the POST, intended for publication. It is handsomely gotten up, and is exceedingly attractive.—*Courier, Opelousa, Parish of St. Landry, La.*

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

THERE will be barbers and ladies' hairdressers in attendance at the Exhibition.

A CLERK is kept constantly at work at the Centennial headquarters declining applications of an absurd character.

THOMAS' ORCHESTRA and the grand chorus will be located between Memorial Hall and the Main Building during the opening exercises of the Exhibition.

THE Grand Duchy of Luxembury, which contains the fortress of Franco-Prussian war fame, has decided to exhibit at the Centennial, and the required space has been allotted for the purpose.

THE Odd Fellows of Indiana have a project on foot for visiting the Centennial en masse—each squad of one hundred and fifty to provide themselves with an immense tent, bedding, cooks, provisions, etc.

THE opening march for the inaugural ceremonies on the 10th of May is to be written by the great German composer, Wagner, in response to the invitation of Theadore Thomas, director of music, and is to be dedicated to the Women's Centennial Organization of the United States.

YOU will be able to communicate by telegraph, at various points in the Exhibition Grounds, to any part of the globe where there are telegraphic facilities. The operators in the Women's Pavilion will be women. The charges will be the same as at the various offices in the city.

A BUILDING is being erected in which saw-mill machinery will be exhibited. It will be situated on Fountain avenue, 30 feet from it, will be 250 by 80 feet, and will contain one stone saw mill and seven wood saw mills. Its general position will be west of the Machinery Building, of which it is an annex, and southwest of the C. T. A. B. Fountain.

NATURE herself seems to aid the Centennial. But for the open winter the great works pushed forward to completion in Fairmount Park would now be in a backward condition. The landscape gardening, the transplanting of trees and shrubbery, the general preparation of the ground, and the work of building have all been favored by the unusually mild weather of the year we celebrate.

THE grand motor of the mechanical part of the Exhibition is slowly rising to view in the centre of Machinery Hall. It is the Corliss engine of 1,600 horse-power, which is capable of doing the work of 2,500 horses at need. This Titanic engine is coming on in sections by rail from Providence, Rhode Island. It weighs altogether some 700 tons—1,400,000 pounds! Sixty-five cars are required to transport it, and some of its sections are so heavy that the cars on which they are placed have to be of great extra strength.

THE display by the vine-growers of the Rhine will be extremely complete and interesting. Wines of every variety will be displayed from different sections, together with cases of the grapes from which they are produced. Eighty-seven vine-growers will send specimens from the most famous vineyards, recalling to one's mind the old rhyme which Longfellow quotes in "The Golden Legend:"

At Bacharach on the Rhine,
At Hochheim on the Main,
And at Wurzburg on the Stein,
Grow the three best kinds of wine.

GOODS are daily arriving at the grounds in large quantities, principally from foreign exhibitors. As yet but few exhibits have been received from any portion of this country, and the consequence is that Great Britain, France, Spain, Norway, Sweden, Egypt, Germany, and Belgium are ahead of the United States, and it has been stated that some of the commissions are at work fitting up their spaces in the Main Exhibition Building for their displays. In the last-named building there is the greatest activity, and it is not at all unlikely from present appearances that all of the foreign exhibits will be arranged in their places several weeks before the opening day.

ONE portion of Germany's exhibit that will attract the attention of our rising generation will be the large display of toys and fancy goods by thirty-five exhibitors. Many curious little inventions may be found in this department. The exhibition of machinery will likewise be very complete in every particular. Seventy-five exhibitors will compete in this class, and several sewing machines invented in Germany will be displayed in Machinery Hall. Woollen and linen goods, cloth, leather, tobacco and cigars, hops, beer, and other miscellaneous articles make up the rest of this country's exhibit. A space of 400 feet will be occupied by one firm, who will display silks, velvets, and satins in great variety. Fifty exhibitors will show gold and silver ware, and a number of others clocks and watches.

AMONG the many rare and valuable works of art which will grace the Centennial there was shipped from Rome, on the 10th of February, a splendid collection of Roman mosaics from the establishment of Signor Augusto Moglia, one of the most celebrated mosaic artists of Italy, whose reproduction of the Aurora of Guido Reni, which is in the collection of the Palace Rospigliosi, at Rome, won for him the title of "The Raphael of Mosaic Art." Signor Moglia has exhibited many of his productions at international expositions, and won prize medals at London, in 1851 and 1862; at Paris in 1855, together with a diploma of honor and the order and insignia of a Chevalier *Cavaliere delle Arts*. Grand medals were awarded him at Rome, in 1870, and at Vienna in 1873.

IT may be remembered that the art of lithography was invented by a German, Alois Sennefelder, who first practised it about 1798 and introduced it into Germany two or three years afterwards. The stone on which designs for lithographic printing are drawn is found principally in Bavaria and some other sections of Germany. A fine exhibition will be made of this noble art, which has almost revolutionized printing. The stone will be shown in its natural state as dug from the quarries in large blocks, which are afterwards sawn or split into layers from one inch to three inches in thickness. Stones will also be shown as prepared for artists' use, after they have been rubbed or ground perfectly smooth and level by means of fine sand moistened with water. Upwards of twenty-four exhibitors of lithographic and other stone will be found on the German catalogue.

THE Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of Pennsylvania have determined to provide the means for supplying ice water free of cost on the Centennial grounds. A fountain is to be erected at the intersection of Belmont and Fountain avenues, about midway between Horticultural Hall and the Catholic fountain. The plans are being prepared by James H. Windrim, architect, and the contract will be given out in the course of a week. A wooden pavilion, with thirteen sides, representing a Greek temple, 25 feet in diameter, and 36 feet high, will be erected, inclosing the fountain proposed, which will be 8 feet in diameter and surrounded by a passage-way 8 feet wide. The fountain will contain 26 self-acting spigots, and will be connected with a reservoir under ground, which will be fed from Belmont reservoir. The tank will hold between four thousand and five thousand gallons of water, furnishing an almost unlimited supply of ice water.

THE Centennial Commission has authorized the establishment of an Historical Department of the Exhibition, its chief being Colonel Frank M. Etting. The co-operation of the people of the United States in the enterprise is earnestly invoked. The plan is to commemorate the events of pre-Revolutionary history and to awaken the memories of those who participated in the civilization of America. A portion of the permanent Art Building has been set apart to illustrate the Colonial epoch. District compartments will be allotted to the Old Thirteen, and the "Mother Country" will also assume her appropriate position. The walls will be devoted to historical paintings and to portraits of individuals, while show-cases will be provided for the reception of objects of interest. If possible every epoch in the progress of each colony, from its first settlement to its assumption of independence, will be chronologically presented. Historical, antiquarian and other societies are invited to collate and transmit a list of the local events which they possess, the materials to illustrate and a catalogue of such materials.

THE necessary preparations for the grand re-union of the military organizations of the United States during the Centennial season have been perfected. Horticultural Hall has been engaged as the central headquarters of the Old Guard, N. Y., which, it will be remembered, was instituted at the Centennial celebration of the battles of Lexington and Concord. The different organizations will assemble in Philadelphia on July 3d, and it is expected that all the veteran military organizations of the country will be represented. Among those who have signified their intention of participating are the Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston, S. C.; the Clinch Rifles, of Augusta, Ga.; the Savannah (Ga.) Blues; the Kearney Guards, of Newark, N. J.; the Norfolk (Va.) Infantry; the New York Seventh Regiment, veterans; the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston; the Putnam Phalanx, of Hartford, Conn.; the Amoskeag (N. H.) Veterans; the Salem (Mass.) Cadets, and the Washington City Light Infantry. On the 4th of July next, Philadelphia will be literally swarming with soldiers, and every one of the old thirteen States will be fitly represented on that occasion.

THE MAGICIAN DETERMINATION AND HIS FAIRIES.

BY LIZBETH C. BROWN.

Gretchen was a young German maiden—an orphan—who went to live as housekeeper, or maid-of-all-work, or general factotum, with an uncle, who was extremely particular and fidgetty about every possible thing. But if there was one thing over which he was more particular and fidgetty than another, that one thing was his morning coffee. And that was the one thing that Gretchen couldn't do. It was just worse one morning than another, but never better. It was always either cold, or weak, or smoked, or behind time, or *something*, and each day Mein Herr Onkel scolded, and grumbled, and stormed, and raged, and even swore, so that Gretchen's life became a burthen to her, all on account of the coffee-making. It must be presumed that Gretchen was rather a stupid sort of girl, or else she must have been very careless or very negligent. We won't pretend to determine as to the cause of her repeated failures; but it is certain that the fact occasioned her many bitter and useless tears, and she quite made up her mind at last that she couldn't do it, that it was no good trying, and that she would never have a moment's, not to speak of a day's, peace or happiness, so long as her uncle wanted coffee for his breakfast.

It was just when she had reached this very melancholy state that a new light broke in upon her.

She was sitting one morning helpless and hopeless, with her elbows on her knees and her head on her hands, the un-made coffee and the empty coffee-pot before her.

Suddenly she hears footsteps.

"There is my uncle now coming down the stairs, and in a minute or two he will be wanting his breakfast. He's specially cross, too, I'm sure, by the way in which he is stumping down-stairs. Oh, dear, what *shall* I do?"

As she cried thus in her despair, she happened to give the little finger of her left hand a long sharp pinch with the thumb and fore finger of her other hand.

In a moment, something like a flash of light beamed out of a distant dark corner of the little kitchen where Gretchen sat bewailing herself and the coffee, and a voice close at her ear said,

"Here I am. Why didn't you send for me before?"

Gretchen looked up rather in alarm to see perched up on the top of a kitchen chair an ugly little manikin, with a solemn-looking face, and a comical hat all over points. On the top of his hat was a diamond as big as a plate, that shone like a star, and in his hand he held a wand, at the end of which was a bright eye, so bright that it literally made darkness all round it by way of contrast.

"I—I didn't send for you now, sir," said Gretchen, all trembling.

"Yes, you did," said the fairy—for he was a fairy.

"No, sir, I assure you I did not," Gretchen was going to say, only the fairy stopped her before she could get the words out of her mouth.

"Don't argue with me," said he, very abruptly.

"No, sir," returned Gretchen, considerably frightened by this time. "Would you—would you like to take a seat?"

"No," said the fairy, "I always make a stand. You evidently don't know me. In short, you've never had much to do with me before, or you wouldn't be the poor, useless, stupid creature you now are!"

This was not pleasant for Gretchen to hear; but she was so cowed by the fairy's manner, that she didn't venture to say a word.

The manikin went on:

"My name is Determination."

"Is it indeed, sir. I'm sure I'm very happy to hear it," said Gretchen, wishing to be polite, and not quite knowing what to say.

"I am a magician."

At this Gretchen was so terribly frightened that she would have fallen to the ground if Determination had not held her up with one of his fingers.

"And, now that you have sent for me at last, what do you want of me?" he asked.

"Please, sir, I didn't know I'd sent for you," observed Gretchen, afraid to say that she had not done so.

"Don't talk nonsense," returned Determination, in a decided manner. "You pinched your left-hand little finger for five seconds and a quarter; you can't deny that."

"Oh! I'm sure I don't want to deny anything," said Gretchen, humbly.

"Didn't you know," Determination went on, "that the fairies, when they wanted to make you a present at the time of your christening, couldn't find anything to give you?"

"No," said Gretchen, "I never heard about it."

"It's true, enough," said the manikin. "There happened to be quite a run of babies just at that time, to whom the fairies had been presenting one good gift and another; and when your turn came they were quite in despair; they looked in their riches-bags, and in their beauty-bags, and in their cleverness-bags, and every one of them was empty. What to dower you with they couldn't think, until at last one kind old fairy, who had taken a great fancy to you, and couldn't bear you to have nothing, declared that you should be put under the protection of the great magician Determination, and she prophesied that with his aid you would accomplish more than if you had possessed beauty, wealth or talent; and she was right, for in truth there is very little in this world that I am not able to accomplish. Only I could not come till you called me—fairies never can."

"I didn't know how," said Gretchen.

"Ah! that was a pity. However, there are some things which I suppose everybody must find out for themselves. And, now I am here, tell me what you want."

"I want," said Gretchen, "to make the coffee, and such coffee as my uncle will approve of."

"Oh! if that's all, we'll soon put you to rights," said the manikin: "and if your Herr Onkel is not satisfied with the coffee which we make for him, why, he will be a more difficult man to please than I fancy."

With that Determination waved his wand, and in a trice the little kitchen was crowded with busy sprites.

Little Hardwork, a fierce-looking fellow, with a hatchet, chopped wood; Patience, bending on the floor, picked up the sticks; Humility, with a broom as big as himself, swept the chips up; Perseverance supplied the stove with the fuel; Hope, sitting on an overturned stewpan, ground cheerfully away at the coffee; old Heartiness and Goodwill brought in pailsful of water between them; and young Courage poured the water valiantly into the hissing kettle.

Not a creature was idle. There was work for each one of them. And over them all Determination, their master, kept his watchful eye.

In short, there was such a commotion in the place that Purrer, the cat, was quite startled out of her usual serenity, and stood aghast with her tail on end; but the result was that Gretchen carried her uncle that morning the most delicious coffee that had ever been made in the coffee-pot—to her own great relief, and the extreme satisfaction of Mein Herr Onkel.

So good was it, and so quickly was it ready, that he was heard to declare "it must have been made by magic," as indeed it was.

"But if," so runs the quaint old cookery book, in conclusion, "you would have good coffee, and such as would be a pleasure to partake of, you must needs call in the aid of the great magician, Determination, and he, with his train of sprites, will help you to make not only coffee, but many other things besides."

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

About two hundred and sixty years ago a poor lad of seventeen was seen traveling on foot in the south of England. He carried over his shoulder, at the end of a stick, all the clothes he had in the world, and had in his pocket an old purse with a few pieces of money given him by his mother, when, with a throbbing, prayerful heart, she took her leave of him on the road, a short distance from their own cottage.

And who was John?—for that was his name. He was the son of a poor, hard-working and honest couple, and had six brothers and five sisters, all of whom had to labor hard for a living. He was a goodly lad, and with his parents' consent set out to get employment.

At the city of Exeter, where he first went, he met with no success; but as he looked on the beautiful cathedral, and in the booksellers' window, a strong desire sprung up in his mind to become a scholar, and at once he set out for the University of Oxford, some two hundred miles off, walking the whole way. At night he would sometimes sleep in barns, or on the sheltered side of a haystack, and often met with strange companions. He lived chiefly on bread and water, with occasionally a draught of milk as a luxury.

Arrived at the splendid city of Oxford, his clothing worn out and very dusty, his feet sore, and his spirits depressed, he knew not what to do.

He had heard of Exeter College in Oxford and there he went, and to his great delight was engaged to carry fuel into the kitchen, to clean pans and kettles, and that kind of work.

Here, while scouring his pans, he might often be seen reading a book.

His studious habits soon attracted the attention of the authorities, who admitted him into college as a poor scholar, and provided for all his wants.

He studied hard, and was soon at the head of his class. He rose to great eminence as a scholar, was very successful as a minister of Christ, and many years before his death, which took place when he was seventy-two, he visited his father and mother, who were delighted to see their son not only a great scholar, but a pious bishop. Such was the history of Dr. John Prideaux, who used to say, "If I had been a parish clerk of Ugborough I should never have been Bishop of Worchester." He left many works as fruits of his industry and learning.

A FABLE WITH A MORAL TO IT.

It happened once that all the animals—beasts, birds, fishes and insects—assembled to hear a sermon from one of their number; we have not been informed who was the orator. The subject of the discourse was the duty of living to do good, and the audience seemed much delighted with the number and variety of the motives presented. As they went to their respective homes, after the performance, thus they moralized to themselves.

Said the ant, "This sermon is a very good one for some folks, but it has no sort of application to me. What can such a poor little crawling thing as I do for the good of the universe? Besides, I have so large a family of my own to provide for, that it requires all my time and attention. If I had wings, like a butterfly, I should not live so useless a life as he does."

Said the butterfly, "I am ashamed of the ant, who has such stores laid up that she does no more good with them. I am sure if I were half as rich, I would supply all the poor in the neighborhood. But when I can hardly get enough for myself, how can I help others?"

The little fish complained that he had neither time nor talents nor opportunity of doing good; he was so insignificant that he had no influence; and, moreover, he had to get food for himself, and take care that he was not food for others. If he were only as large and as strong as a whale, he might be useful.

The sheep declared, that as he had no horns to defend himself, it was absurd of his thinking to do anything for others; he hoped his neighbor, the goat, would apply the sermon to himself.

Thus each excused himself; and, on the whole, the sole result of the discourse so much applauded was to convince each that himself was the most unfortunate.

If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it. Remember, a man's genius is always in the beginning of life as much unknown to himself as to others—and it is only after frequent trials, attended with success, that he dares think himself equal to the undertakings in which those who have succeeded, have fixed the admiration of mankind.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

TWO LOVERS.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring:
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair.
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
O budding time!
O love's best prime!

Two wedded from the portal stept;
The bells made happy carolings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
While petals on the pathway slept.
O pure-eyed bride!
O tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent;
Two hands above the head were locked:
Those pressed each other while they spoke'd;
Those watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour!
O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire;
The red lights fell about their knees
On heads that rose by slow degrees,
Like buds upon the lily-spire.
O patient life!
O tender strife!

The two still sat together there,
The red lights shone about their knees,
But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left that lonely pair.
O voyage fast!
O banished past!

The red lights shone upon the floor,
And made the space between them wide;
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined, and said, "Ones more!"
O memories!
O past that is!

OSWALD TOLD NAOMI THE NAMES OF THE DIFFERENT KINDS—LONG LATIN NAMES.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 30. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

Naomi seated herself on a low bank beside the turf on which her brother sprawled, his corduroy legs extended at an acute angle. Jim's communicativeness had set her at her ease by this time. She looked wonderingly at Mr. Pentreath's book, which lay face downwards on the mossy bank—a book in boards, covered with coarse blue paper: our ancestors were content to accept their choicest literature thus rudely clothed.

"Is that a tale?" inquired Jim, pointing to the volume.

"No; it's a play by Lord Byron."

Naomi gave a little sigh—half surprise, half horror—as if she had found herself suddenly in evil company.

"Do you read Lord Byron?" she asked.

"Till I know every line by heart," answered Oswald, with a gush of enthusiasm. "There never was such a poet; there never will be. All other poetry, except Shakespeare's, is prose in comparison. It is dull, dead, colorless—a thing of rule and grammar, a concatenation of carefully-chosen words. Or I should rather say all other poets have written from the head, he alone from the heart. And to think of Byron admiring Pope! It is like Mount Blanc admiring Holborn-hill."

"Do you mean Alexander Pope?" inquired Naomi, as if there had been a clan of poets with that surname.

"Of course."

"I have some pieces of his in a book father gave me, and I like them very much. 'Vital Spark,' and 'The Universal Prayer,' and an elegy on a poor young lady who committed suicide. Do you know those?"

"Yes; they are good enough in their way, and the *Essay on Man* is better. I don't deny the cleverness. Pope is full of wit and force and meaning. But I don't call that kind of passionless stuff poetry, you know, any more than I call Holborn-hill a mountain. Compare that with *Manfred*, for instance," opening his book.

"But is not Lord Byron's poetry very, very wicked?" inquired Naomi.

"There is a good deal of it that I would not recommend to a young lady; but take all that away, and there is enough left to make the greatest lyrical genius of all time," answered Oswald, warmly. "Let me read you a page from Manfred."

"Oh, no, please; my father has forbidden us to read Byron. I have read some extracts in the *Pocket Magazine*. They seemed very beautiful—one of them, from the Bride of Abydos, made me cry. I should dearly like to read more, but I am not likely to do that. Father has forbidden it, and he never changes his mind."

"Something like my father when he refuses me money," said Oswald. "He always stands to his guns."

"Are there any robbers in this here Manfred?" asked Jim, who did not always remember that he had been carefully educated.

"No."

"Then I shouldn't care about it. I like such a man as Rob Roy. There's a fellow called Mazeppa, in one of Lord Byron's stories. They tied him on the backs of wild horses, and let them scramble for him. That's the kind of person I like to read about."

"You like the Waverly Novels, I suppose, Miss Haggard?" asked Oswald, feeling that literature was advancing his acquaintance with this dark-haired girl.

Naomi shook her head despondently.

"I have not read one of them," she said. "Father disapproves of novels. Jim had no right to read Rob Roy."

"That's nonsense;" exclaimed Jim, sticking his hands deep in his corduroy pockets. "a man may read anything. 'Musn't' is a word invented for girls."

"I'm afraid your father disapproves of everything pleasant," said Oswald.

"Oh, no; he is very good, very kind; but he likes us to read serious books, and the Bible before all books. He says there is so much in the Bible that we could never come to the end of it if we were reading it all our lives. We should always find something new—something to wonder at."

"Ah, I have felt that—about Shakespeare."

Naomi looked unutterably shocked. To compare a profane playwright with the Bible thus lightly!

"It's a pity," pursued Oswald; "the Waverly Novels are so good. Some people say they are by Walter Scott, but I shouldn't think it likely that a man who writes poetry so well could suddenly burst out into splendid prose. And then the novels are better than Scott's poems."

Naomi sighed. She felt that he was talking of a world from which she was shut out—nay, must always be excluded. It would be an act of rebellion, of actual sin, to cross the threshold of that wonder-world which her father taught her to consider a region of evil and temptation.

"I hope your father has been none the worse for his goodness to me the other day," said Oswald, perceiving that literary topics were exhausted. "He did not take cold, I trust."

"Oh, no; father is very strong. I never remember his being ill."

"A wonderful man—powerful in mind and body."

Naomi's dark cheek glowed with pleasure.

"He is good," she said, "and he influences people for good. Many years ago, before he was married, he used to wander about the country, preaching in the open air. He has told me how the miners used to come to hear him, and how the tears used to run down their blackened faces, making white streaks."

"I sometimes wish I hadn't been the son of such a saint," remarked Jim, yawning and looking straight up at the cloudless blue. "It's rather trying, at times. There's too much holiness at home, and too little pudding."

"Ah, Jim, I hope God will give you a new heart some day," remonstrated Naomi, "and make you see things differently."

"I should like to see more upon the table at supper-time. If Aunt Judith had a new heart, we might find an improvement in the housekeeping. It's all very well to talk of carnal affections and sensual appetites; but what do apples grow for, if it isn't to be put into pastries? I wish Providence had set my lines in a farmhouse where there was plenty of squab-pie and junket. We never have a junket unless there's some of the saintly ones coming to tea, and they spoil the pleasure of good victuals by their psalm singing."

Oswald laughed outright, and laughter being infectious, the serious Naomi laughed too, in spite of her regret that James should so disgrace his father's teaching.

"Aunt Judith is much stricter about little things than father," she said; "and she and Jim don't get on very well."

"Aunt Judith mixes her religion up with everything," said Jim; "she can't boil a potato without quoting Scripture. Father has more sense."

Jim here left in pursuit of a squirrel which had just shot past and up among the branches of the trees, while the others remained talking about the ferns, and Oswald told Naomi the names of the different kinds—long Latin names, at which her dark eyes grew large with wonder. They rose presently, and he showed her where certain varieties of ferns grew best, and the stone or the soil they most affected. The rabits scudded away, flourishing their silver-gray tails, as the footfalls stirred the brboken. The spreading branches of elm and beech cast their afternoon shadows on the sunlit sward. There was a warm yellow light in the wood, and a perfume of unseen pine trees.

Oswald showed her his favorite spots—little bits of woodland landscape, unsurpassable in their way. It was all familiar to Naomi, for this wood was her chosen ramble on summer afternoons; the scene of many a blackberrying and nutting in autumn; a paradise of primroses and violets in April; a thicket of hawthorn in May. Yet though she had known these scenes from earliest childhood, they seemed to reveal new beauties when thus illustrated by an artistic mind.

"How happy you must be to think that this lovely place is your father's—that you belong to this wood, and it to you!" she said, presently.

"Yes, I am very fond of it. Our race has sent its roots deep into the soil. Pentreaths have lived on this land from the days of King Stephen. We have our pedigree cut and dried—Pentreaths of Pentreath—from sire to son. We have been rather fond of marrying cousins, too, and keeping ourselves to ourselves, and our land together. Perhaps that's why we have dwindled into an enfeebled family of an old man and two boys. There are plenty of Pentreaths knocking about the world, I daresay, but of our particular branch Devonshire boasts only my father and his two sons. I am happy to say, however, that my father did not marry a kinswoman."

That soft golden light of the westering sun reminded Naomi that it was nearly tea-time. She had no longing for tea and bread and-butter—nay, would gladly have lingered among the ferns, in the flickering shadows of beechen branches, until the crescent moon floating yonder high above the tree-tops changed from pale to silver, and from silver to gold; but unpunctuality at meals was a crying sin in Aunt Judith's creed, and Joshua himself was displeased when his children absented themselves from the family board.

So Naomi dropped a stately curtsy, and said:

"Good-afternoon, sir; we must be going now, I think. Come, Jim."

Jim, still deeply absorbed in the hunt for the squirrel, abandoned the quest unwillingly.

"All right, Naomi. Yes, I suppose it is tea-time, and we should catch it if we stayed any longer."

"Come to-morrow afternoon," said Oswald. "You can come into the park, if you like—not that it is any better kept than the wood; but we've some fine old timber."

"Any squirrels?" asked Jim.

"Plenty of vermin."

"Then we'll come. Now, Naomi, look sharp. Here are your ferns."

Jim thrust a bundle of green stuff into her arms, leaving himself free to flourish his newly peeled hazel, as he swaggered along by her side.

"Let me carry the ferns," said Oswald.

"Oh, no, indeed. I couldn't think of taking you out of your way," remonstrated Naomi.

"It isn't out of my way. My way leads nowhere. It will be something for me to do; and your father said I might come and see him sometimes."

This was said with so decisive an air, that Naomi submitted meekly, and abandoned the fern roots to Mr. Pentreath's care. They all walked out of the wood together, and down the hill to the bay, or inlet—it was almost too narrow for a bay—at the mouth of that insignificant river which flowed behind the High-street of Combhollow, and dwindled into a brook yonder among the wood-crowned hills.

What a sleepy old place Combhollow looked this slumberous summer afternoon! The vagrant cat, prowling stealthily along those moss-grown tiles upon an opposite roof, seemed an important personage in the quiet of the scene. The little group of children at play in front of the Ring of Bells, the lazy horse contemplating emptiness over a hedge, the fat old landlord of the First and Last smoking his pipe in the sunny porch—were all of life that the village held.

Naomi opened the little green garden gate, which admitted her and her companions into a paradise of stocks, clove-carnations, and sweet peas, about ten feet wide by the length of the house. The shop had its frontage of barren gravel, but this little garden or forecourt gave a gentility and exclusiveness to the dwelling-house, which was not unappreciated by Judith Haggard, despite her radical propensities. Indeed, it must be confessed that Miss Haggard's radicalism chiefly affected other people.

The parlor, with its high-painted dado and flowered paper, looked cool and shadowy this afternoon. The dark tea-board and old-fashioned Staffordshire tea-service, sprawling blue flowers on a buff ground; the shining walnut-wood table and broad-seated chairs; the dimity window-curtains, with their knotted fringes and tassels; the flowers that made a bank of green and red and purple in the open window—all had some touch of pleasantness to Oswald's fancy. It was a commonplace interior enough, doubtless, but it was assuredly more like a home than the stately decay of the Grange.

Judith was sitting bolt upright before the tea-board, a picture of prim spinsterhood, in her gray-stuff gown, broad muslin collar, coral earrings, and square mosaic brooch. Joshua was sitting in his big horsehair-covered arm-chair near the open window, looking weary and exhausted. He had just returned from a long pastoral round among distant homesteads and cottages, where it was his custom to read and expound the Scriptures, to pray with the devout, or to pray for the unawakened.

Much of the work, which in a better state of things would have been done by the parish priest, was left for Joshua. His flock were better cared for, more earnestly watched, than the sheep of the established and endowed shepherd, and it is scarcely to be wondered at, perhaps, that while the duly qualified pastor saw his sheep dwindle, Joshua's flock grew larger year by year, until they threatened to become too numerous for the square barn-like Little Bethel at the top of the hilly High-street.

"We met Mr. Pentreath in the wood, father," said Naomi; "and he has come to see you."

"Yes; and I hope you've spent time enough in idleness," snapped out Aunt Judith; "and those tea-cloths not hemmed yet, I'll warrant."

"I finished the last of the dozen before dinner, aunt," replied Naomi, with her grave meekness, which had nothing of timidity or foolishness, only a tranquil submission to supreme authority.

"They ought to have been top-sewed," said Judith; "hemming won't stand the wear and tear they'll get from such a girl as Sally."

"I sewed them aunt; and you know Sally seldom washes the tea-things."

"Never, I should hope," cried Judith. "There wouldn't be many of them left if she did; and it's a pattern you can't match nowadays, if you was to give its weight in gold."

"What a good thing that ugliness should go out of fashion," retorted Jim, unthinking of the day when the commonest of those Staffordshire cups and saucers might take their places among the chosen specimens in a collector's cabinet.

"Ah," sighed Judith, "they were your grandmother's. But that makes no difference to you. You have no reverence for those that came before you."

This conversation had been carried on in undertones at the tea-table, while Joshua had given Mr. Pentreath friendly welcome. They all drew round the tea-board after this. Aunt Judith filled the cups with precision, and the conversation became more general and more ceremonious.

There was not much to talk about—not much local chit-chat—in Combhollow, but they did manage somehow to find something to say. Joshua talked of the people he had visited in his day's duty—tenants of the Squire's most of them—their grievances, their ailments—scalds from tea-kettles, wounds from scythes or reaping-hooks—their sick cattle. Mr. Haggard confined his talk to worldly subjects, being wiser in this respect than some of his fellow-laborers.

Oswald felt himself quite at home in the calm family circle, being happily ignorant of Aunt Judith's low opinion of him. He sipped his tea and ate his bread-and-butter, and looked at the flowers in the window, and the colored busts of John Whitfield and John Wesley in Bow china on the mantelpiece, and familiarized himself with the aspect of the place. There was a mahogany bookcase with glass doors on one side of the fireplace, and behind the glass rows of books, neatly arranged and neatly bound—books that looked as if they were treasured by their owner—not like Oswald's ragged regiment of volumes, always out of their proper places.

"You are fond of reading, Mr. Haggard," said the young man, looking at the bookcase.

"Very fond. I give all my spare hours to my books, but my spare hours don't make many days in the year. I carry a volume in my pocket when I have to walk far, and read as I go. That is my best chance of enjoying a book."

"And who are your favorite authors?"

"Bunyan, Baxter and Law."

These were strangers to Oswald Pentreath, save for a dim remembrance of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, devoured and wondered over in early boyhood.

The conversation came to a dead stop at this point, but there was no embarrassment. A pause in the flow of talk is not such an awful thing in a Devonshire village as it is at a London dinner-table, where the fountain of wit is supposed to be inexhaustible, and a silence reflects discredit on the assemblage.

"Let us go into the garden," said Joshua, when everybody's second cup was empty.

Jim had turned his bottom-upwards, and balanced his teaspoon across it, thereby scandalising Aunt Judith, whose reproving frown had no influence upon him.

"Yes, and I'll show you Naomi's wilderness," said the boy to Oswald in a confidential undertone.

It was one of Joshua's leisure evenings. There was no service at Little Bethel, and until closing-time there was nothing for him to do in the shop. He could afford to lounge in his garden and refresh himself with a little repose after a toilsome day.

Aunt Judith went to the shop, where there was generally a run upon tape, needles, and such small gear in the leisure hours of evening, good housewives, who had been too busy to touch their needlework in the day, discovering their wants after tea, and running down to Haggard's to supply the same, and perhaps to spend five minutes or so inquiring after the health of that excellent man the minister.

The rest repaired to the garden—a square piece of ground of about an acre, running off at the end into another acre, of irregular shape, which had been an orchard for the last hundred years.

There was nothing picturesque about Mr. Haggard's garden. It was neatly laid out upon utilitarian principles, with just so much regard to ornament as is implied in narrow borders of old-fashioned cottage flowers in front of homely vegetables, and a row of espaliers screening beds of onions and turnips. It was a garden running over with fertility, from the young pear trees, around whose lowermost branches the scarlet-runners had entwined themselves lovingly, to the golden pumpkins sprawling in the setting sunlight, and the deformed old quince trees that hung over a pond in the corner by the wall. The narrow paths were neatly kept, and there were very few weeds among vegetables or flowers, Jim being held answerable for the condition of things, and laboring here himself daily, with some little assistance from the shop-boy, and a good deal of help from Naomi, who was passionately fond of flowers.

Mr. Haggard walked to the end of the garden with the young people and then, feeling tired after his long round by hill and dale, seated himself on a bench by the quince trees, which, with an ancient walnut, made this the shady spot of the garden. There was a square grass-plat here, upon which stood a rude table—a specimen of Jim's carpentry; and on very warm afternoons Aunt Judith was sometimes persuaded into an out-of-door tea drinking here—a concession on her part only to be obtained by much diplomacy.

Joshua was fond of his garden in a passive way, and it was here that he communed with himself on Saturday afternoons, meditating his subject for the next day's sermon. It was here he read the Nonconformist divines, or indulged in that introspective study, that searching out of his own heart, which formed a prominent part of his system. There was not much to search for in the minister's heart; no lurking evil to be thrust out of it. In singleness of purpose, in directness of aim, in simplicity of life, he came as near perfection as it is given to erring man to come.

The young people strolled on along the narrow path to the orchard, leaving Joshua to his meditations. If Judith had been there she would have taken pains to prevent this unrestricted communion between the young Squire and Naomi; but her brother, in his contemplations of far-off things, was apt to overlook trifles lying near at hand, and he saw no danger in the temporary association of these young minds.

"Come and see our wilderness," cried Jim, opening the orchard gate.

The orchard was a queerly-shaped enclosure, a strip of land running into a sharp point; and this triangular end had

been allowed to be waste ground until Naomi's fifteenth birthday, on which privileged occasion she begged the bit of waste from her father by way of birthday gift; and from that time forward, it had been her constant delight and Jim's occasional caprice to adorn the spot with all manner of nature's wildlings, of forest, heath, and dell.

It was a wonderful soil, that wilderness; everything grew there. Plants that affected sand and plants that hungered for loam; flowers that loved the sun and ferns enamored of shade. They all grew together in harmony, like the happy family of birds and beasts, to oblige Naomi. Such primroses, yellow and purple; such bluebells, and foxgloves, and dragon's mouths, and marshmallows, and amethyst-hued heaths, and gold and silver broom, and ferns of every denomination.

"I think we could grow seaweed if we tried," said Jim.

The old, old orchard was like a hospital of cripples, so lame, and twisted, and warped, and crooked were the ancient trees, with more gummy exudation upon some of them than fruit; such gray old bark, such yawning wounds in their trunks. The turf was deep and soft, all hillocks and hollows; and in one sunny corner there was a row of beehives, the produce whereof was usually sold by Aunt Judith, as a favor and at a good price, to some of the superior customers.

"Other people get the honey and we run the risk of getting stung," complained James, who felt injured by this arrangement. "That's what comes of being brought up by an aunt. If mother had lived, we should have had cakes and junkets sometimes, I'll warrant."

Jim had but a cloudy memory of his dead mother, and was apt to associate her loss with the idea of indulgences which would have flowed naturally from the maternal bounty.

They loitered a little in the orchard, talking in a lazy, summer evening way, about nothing in particular.

By and by they arrived at the wilderness—a corner of fern-tangle and sweet-smelling flowers, with masses of rough stone here and there amongst the greenery, which stonework had cost Jim much labor. There were some elder trees leaning over from an adjoining orchard, and the spreading branches of a mulberry, which shaded one side of the small enclosure.

There was a stone bench, which Jim had picked up from among the ruins of an old manor-house; and in the middle of the wilderness, its rugged base choked with fern and primrose roots, there stood an old stone sun-dial, spoil from the same ruined mansion. That sun-dial, and the monkish-looking bench, gave an air of antiquity to the place. It was quite out of the world of Combhollow, as lonely as if it had been an oasis in a desert.

One might have lived all one's life in the High-street, and never suspected the existence of Naomi's wilderness. A mild-faced sheep sometimes peeped at it through an opening in the blackberry-hedge, perhaps wondering whether those ferns and flowers were edible; but, except the sheep, there was rarely any sign of life in the adjoining orchard.

Oswald praised the spot, as in duty bound. It could not appear particularly beautiful to him after the picturesque wildness of Pentreath park and wood, but it had a quaint prettiness that was not without its charm. He sat down by Naomi and watched her thoughtfully and in silence for a little. She had taken her knitting out of her pocket, and the needles were flashing swiftly under her slender fingers. The hands were brown, but slim and well shaped.

She was very handsome, Oswald thought—much handsomer than the Devonshire beauties, with their complexions of roses and cream. Her face had a noble look; the features boldly carved; the eyes deep and dark, with heavy lids such as he remembered seeing oftener in sculpture than in flesh; the mouth was full and firm: the chin a thought too square for feminine loveliness. If the face erred at all, it was that the girl was too like her father—manly firmness rather than womanly softness prevailed.

But Oswald could not see any blemish in this noble countenance. He was drawn to its owner with strongest sympathy. It was not love at first sight, but friendship, confidence, companionship which drew him, and had no thought of peril in this new influence. What peril could there be indeed for him, even if the fancy had been of a warmer tendency? He had no money to speed, but he was the master of his own heart. He might dispose of that as he pleased.

"Marry a dairy-maid if you like," the Squire had once said to him, in his brutal fashion: "but I shall expect you to keep her until I am under the sod. An impoverished estate can't afford to recognize early marriages, unless they bring land or money along with them."

They had been in the wilderness about half an hour, Jim exhibiting his chosen specimens, in pursuit of which he had, by his showing, more or less imperilled his life, hanging on to precipices like the samphire gatherer, scaling inaccessible hills, and losing himself in pathless woods inhabited by the reptile tribe. The sun had gone down behind the old tiled roofs and thatched gables of the High-street, and Joshua had left his quiet garden for the bustle and business of the shop.

"We had better be going indoors, Jim," said Naomi, rolling up her stocking; "you have your sum to do for to-morrow."

Oswald felt that he had no excuse for prolonging his visit. He walked back to the house with Naomi and her brother, but did not go indoors with them. There was a side gate opening into the street, and here he stopped to wish them good-evening.

"You might as well stop to supper," said Jim. "It would be livelier if you stayed."

"I think I have intruded too long already," answered Oswald, ceremoniously.

As Naomi did not second her brother's invitation, he shook hands with them both and went away.

Aunt Judith was standing at the door when they went in—a surprise for both, as it was her custom to be in the shop at this hour.

"I hope you've wasted enough time with your fine gentleman," she said, with extra acidity.

"I wasn't wasting time, aunt; I had my knitting with me," replied Naomi—"and there was nothing for me to do indoors."

"A pity there wasn't. Idling about the garden with a gentleman above you in station! What would your father say to that, I wonder?"

"Father was with us part of the time," said Naomi.

"Was he, really? and what about the rest of the time when he wasn't with you? Fine carryings on, indeed, for a grocer's daughter! No good ever came of that kind of thing, Miss Naomi, I can tell you."

"No harm will ever come of it while I am here," cried Jim, his face crimson with anger. "I'd knock down any man that said an uncivil word to my sister. As for the young Squire, he is a gentleman, and as soft-spoken as a girl."

"I never trust your soft-spoken people," answered Judith.

At this juncture a shrill cry of "Miss Haggard wanted, please," from the opened door at the back of the shop diverted the spinster's attention, and she ran off to measure calico or printed goods for an impatient matron.

Supper-time, prayers, and Scripture-reading seemed a little duller than usual to Naomi that evening. The quiet monotony of life hung upon her heavily, like an actual burden.

"You'd better take your candle and go to bed, child," Miss Haggard said to Naomi after supper; "I want to have a few words with Joshua."

Of all things most displeasing to the minister's human weakness, was a few words with his sister Judith. That preface of hers as surely foreboded evil as the warning of the screech-owl, or the minor howl of the dog. Nothing pleasant ever came of a few words with Judith.

"Well, Judith, what is it now?" asked her brother, as soon as they were alone, anxious to come to the worst without beating about the bush.

"Only that I think it's a pity you don't keep your eyes a little wider open to see what's under your nose. It is all very well to be looking towards the New Jerusalem, and I'd be the last to lose my habitation in that blessed city, but while a man lives among the Philistines he should have an eye to his own household."

"What's the matter, my dear? The new cask of Irish butter is not rancid, I hope? I gave a halfpenny a pound more for it than the last."

"No, Joshua, the butter is as sweet as a new cob-nut. But I don't like your daughter's goings on with Mr. Pentreath."

"What do you mean, Judith?" cried the minister, with a flash of natural indignation.

"Bringing him home to tea as if he was her equal. A pretty thing to set tongues wagging in Combhollow."

"I see no need for people to talk about us because the Squire's son takes a cup of tea in my house. He is better born than my daughter, I grant you, but not better bred. Naomi is a lady in mind and nature, and as such no man's inferior. And she is something less than my daughter if she does not respect herself so much as to make every man respect her."

"That's all very fine," retorted Judith; "but you'd better look out that no mischief comes of it. You heard what Jabez Long said while I was working like a slave to bring the life back to that young man's body. It's unlucky to save a man from drowning. Take care the bad luck doesn't come our way. I don't like to see Mr. Pentreath hanging about the place."

"Why, Judith, you can't be weak enough or wicked enough to give heed to such a vulgar superstition."

"I don't know about that. There's a grain of good sense sometimes in vulgar superstitions."

"Sometimes, perhaps, but in that particular superstition not an iota. Our fishermen get the fancy from the North. It is common belief in Shetland."

"Have it your own way," said Judith, with an offended air; "but I'm afraid you've too much book-learning to be wise about the affairs of this life."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"LAYING THE GHOST."

A STORY OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY JOHN H. WEAVER.

There is a small stream in the south-western part of Maine, which was known about one hundred years ago, by the Indian name of *Nea-wich-a-wa-nick*. Near this, stood a house, occupied by a physician. It was a two-story wooden structure, with an old-fashioned gable-roof. Its occupant and owner was Dr. Hubbell, a single man of enviable manners and of rather prepossessing appearance.

The doctor had a wide circle of acquaintances, and was of good repute in his profession. He agreed with the Scriptural doctrine that it is not good for man to be alone, and accordingly took unto himself a wife, who was made mistress of the old homestead.

An extensive practice made it necessary for the doctor to be absent most part of the time. His wife became lonely, and hence her sister—a young and beautiful girl—was offered a home there, which she gladly accepted.

For a few years all went well enough. Then a jealousy grew up between the sisters, and happiness fled.

At first the wife said nothing, but thought a great deal. Her heart was taxed to its utmost to hold its own bitterness. But lines of care—those never-failing tell-tales of inward strife and dissatisfaction—soon began to make known her troubles. It was now impossible to conceal them.

The friendship between the doctor and his sister-in-law had evidently grown into love. There is great power in beauty and a covetous nature, and the latter possessed both.

"There's trouble in the doctor's family," said one; "his wife looks pale and careworn." Idle gossip added sentences and passed them around; old women repeated them over cups of strong tea, and the neighborhood was filled with rumors.

The doctor's wife was taken sick and lingered for a time, he and his sister-in-law attending to her wants. At last she died without issue, and was buried according to custom, but not without leaving a shadow of suspicion behind, resting on her sister and her husband.

Those were not the days of coroner's juries and of *post mortem* examinations, and it was easier to conceal a crime then than it is now.

The sister remained as housekeeper. Time sped on, and shortly she became mistress of the old homestead—the doctor's second wife.

Now the shadows of suspicion grew darker than ever. Rumor had it that the first wife had been poisoned.

As prescriptions were not in vogue then, and doctors carried their saddle-bags, and kept medicines constantly in the house, how easily the ingredients containing slow poison might have been taken from the medicine-chest and administered to the victim.

Time passed. The rumors gained credit throughout the neighborhood, but proof was not accessible—a mist of mystery hung over the case.

The second marriage proved an unhappy one. An uneasiness seemed to exist in the household, and finally the wife declined into insanity. While in this state of mind, the cause of the uneasiness leaked out.

She said the spirit of her sister appeared nightly, and they could not rest. The doctor was also confronted by it on his lonely night rides, and almost invariably carried something to toss towards it, diverting its attention, when it would disappear for the time being. He rode mostly on horseback, and on one occasion found himself unprepared, when he was obliged to use one of his gloves for the purpose, in order that he might pass on unmolested.

The superstitious verily believed the utterances of the insane woman, and the house was now known as the Haunted House.

It is said that the annoyance became so great to the doctor and his wife, that they resolved to call a council of clergymen, that they might "Lay the Ghost," as it was termed.

The council was held for several days in succession, each taking his turn in quoting the Scriptures, and in offering up prayers; and just before the last clergyman's turn came the ghost made its appearance, and said:

"If it weren't for that old black coat, sitting in the corner, I would defy you all?"

Parson Thompson (the old black coat alluded to) arose immediately and began to pray. He read and prayed, alternately, for some time.

The ghost was intangible, but visible, to all present, in the form of a woman. She persistently claimed the privilege of visiting the house. Parson Thompson seemed to have more power over her than all the rest. He kept on reading passages from the Scriptures, and offering up fervent prayers for her expulsion. She persisted in her claims for a time, and, finally, was overcome. Now she was willing to confine herself to a corner of the cellar. Her request was granted; and, then, gradually, the spectre disappeared. On the spot lay a large black dog.

Changed from the form of a woman into that of a dog, and before the eyes of all present! Mysterious as it was, Parson Thompson did not relax his efforts in the least; he prayed incessantly, and invoked the aid of a higher Power. Some of the weaker ones began to wax pale, and faltered for a time, but were soon inspired with faith and courage by the indomitable perseverance of their stronger brother.

Faith without works would be of no avail—they must work and pray in order to accomplish the desired result.

They divided into two parties, one performing the spiritual and the other the manual labor. They obtained the requisite materials, and commenced laying a wall of masonry around the mysterious form—none attempting to touch or disturb it. It was soon completed—their object accomplished—the ghost was "laid."

The apparition was never seen again.

The second wife never regained her reason, and there are old people still living who have seen her pacing the floor and wringing her hands in anguish. Several years after, death came to her relief.

Twice a widower, and not discouraged yet! The doctor, soon after, married again.

The third wife was a worthy widow, of considerable property, and several years his junior. The marriage was an apparently happy one.

After some half-a-dozen years had transpired, the doctor and his wife went on a journey to visit a relative. As there was no means of conveyance, then, except in their own carriage or by stage-coach, they chose the former.

The distance being more than a day's drive, it became necessary to put up at an inn. They visited the relative, whom they had not seen for years, and the enjoyment of the visit was mutual. On their return home, they stopped for the night at the same inn which had previously accommodated them; and, on retiring, the doctor complained of not feeling well. He proposed bleeding as a remedy, opened a vein, and bled himself to death. Being an expert in his profession, it was thought he took this method of committing suicide in order to ward off suspicion.

The widow lived for years after, beloved and respected by all who knew her. She occupied the so-called Haunted House, and told our informant she had never seen or heard anything that she could not account for.

Dr. Hubbell and Parson Thompson are not fictitious names; our informant remembers seeing the latter, a decrepit old man, about sixty-five years ago.

About forty years ago the property was purchased by a manufacturing company, and the old house torn down. In the cellar was found the mysterious compartment. Now, warehouses and factories occupy the site; and there are old people whose early days were spent in South Berwick, who have not forgotten the story, related by their parents, of the council of clergymen and of their Laying the Ghost.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The more intellect a man has got, the more simple he can afford to be.

After all said and done, if there wasn't any thing but lambs in this world, life and mutton would be a great drug.

Everybody laughs at a monkey, but nobody respects him.

The road to ruin is always kept in good order, and those who travel it pay the expenses.

What a blessing it is to be simple; to have the body satisfied with simple food and the mind satisfied with simple truth.

The bottom round of the ladder is safer than the top one.

If men of brains were always men of honor, this world would be comparatively safe.

It is tough to be poor, but to be ashamed of it is putting salt on to a sore.

We are all of us poor just as we want more, and rich as we want less.

The more a man or woman knows the less they gossip about their neighbors. Culture kills gab.

SNOW-SHOE AND RIFLE;

OR,

The Trail of the Phantom Moose.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

[This story was commenced in No. 26, Vol. 25. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

NUMBER IX.

THE PHANTOM WATCHER—MARK AND HAROLD REMOVE SOME DOUBTS.

"Hark!"

This exclamation falling from Kit's lips brought the four boys to their feet, and a moment later they stood before the door of the birch-bon wigwam looking with mute inquisitiveness into the guide's face.

"Didn't you boys hear it?" asked the lank fellow.

"Hear what, Kit?"

"Why, that yell!"

"I heard nothing," said Harold, and his companions said that no startling sound had reached their ears.

"I heard it plainly right where I stand now, and—here comes Red Wolf! Look how wild the old fellow looks! he's heard it, too."

The next instant Red Wolf and several braves halted before the group.

The chief was excited, and the countenances of his followers told that something unusual had transpired.

"White hunter hear Massaqua's yell?" said the chief to Kit.

"I heard an Indian's shout," was the reply. "What did it mean?"

"Red Wolf send Massaqua down to the big trees to watch for the big moose. He see 'em now and shouted to let us know it."

The guide started, and excitement lit up his dark eyes.

"We'll go down there!" he cried. "Boys, put the snow-shoes on if you're goin' along. The misty moose are down by the big pines. The Indian that Red Wolf has stationed there sees them. Quick! we have no moment to lose. We want to get a shot into the gang."

Donning the light snow-shoes was but the work of a moment, and in a short time the party left the Indian village.

Overhead the moon shone brightly in a starry field, and the night was still as the valley of repose. A glistening crust covered the snow and enabled the spectre hunters to advance without the noise occasioned by breaking through.

"Spectres be hanged!" Harold said to Luther in a low tone, as they hurried on in Red Wolf's wake. "I never put much faith in the weird stories; but always held my tongue in Kit's presence. He believes in the existence of the supernatural hand, yet thinks that bullets can bring its members to earth."

"Some time since I believed in phantom moose, but only for a brief season," returned Luther, with a smile. "When one of the misty things that faced me fastened me on his horns and carried me through the forest, I cut loose from my foolish fancies to groan with a painful ankle. We'll find the phantom moose flesh and blood to-night, if we find them at all."

The spot called by Red Wolf the "big trees" was not far from Androscoggy. It was a short distance up the side of the mountain, and quite gloomy. Two twin pines which had lifted their heads towards the clouds for centuries had named the place, where the party found Massaqua, the Indian. The savage did not speak; but put his finger to his lips in token of silence, and the moose-hunters drew near.

Red Wolf stepped to Massaqua's side and whispered in his ear. The eyes of the Indian dilated and with lips still dumb he pointed up the mountain in reply.

Every eye followed his finger, and for many moments a profound silence reigned.

"I see nothing," whispered the impatient Walter, at last. "The Indian is humbugging us."

"I see an hundred stars, and——"

"There! the big moose. I see them plainly now!"

The exclamation that broke Harold's sentence fell from Mark's lips, and a murmur of wonder ran through the group.

Above the watchers was a spot of ground bathed in the moonlight, and almost entirely devoid of trees. It was a beautiful place, for the crusted snow scintillated like a sheen of diamonds, and neutralized the effect of the shadows that fell across it.

Upon this spot the form of a gigantic elk had suddenly appeared. It remained a moment, when it vanished without noise, to be followed by a second spectre, not a whit less terrible.

Whites and Indians held their breaths, as they gazed upward. The boys recalled the phantoms they had seen on the disc of the moon as it were, and compared them to the figures that now met their gaze.

Red Wolf contemplated the scenes with folded arms and awe depicted on his countenance. He was a firm believer in traditions, and the story of the spectre moose was Holy Writ to him. For sixty-five years he had inhabited the wigwam; the trails of the pine woods were plain paths to his practised eye, and the hunting grounds from Casco to St. Johns familiar to him. From boyhood he had listened to the tales of the weird moose, which was said to visit Maine every thirty years. He would not dispute the legend for his life, for far back during the days of his lusty manhood he had gazed upon the phantom troop from the self-same spot he now occupied.

He seemed to count the ghosts, yet his lips did not move, and the boys looked at him to admire the noble mien he carried, and waited for him to speak.

"I've counted twenty," said Kit, glancing at Red Wolf; "there's the last one—who makes twenty-one."

The chief slowly turned upon the guide.

"For the second time in his life Red Wolf has seen the big moose from Manitou land," he said, with solemnity. "Thirty winters ago he stood here and counted them. He knew they would return, and sent Massaqua to watch. Look! there is the last one, who covers the trail. Look well at him, white hunter, for when the snow melts he will return to the hunting grounds of the spirit land, to live there thirty years, then the band will come again without the loss of one."

Snow-Shoe Kit looked at the gigantic moose standing in the moonlight.

In his eyes I dare say the animal assumed proportions not his own, for the guide believed in the supernatural, and sometimes saw phantoms where naught but tall pines grew. The trees were the spectres, and clumps of bushes in the silvery moonlight often assumed goblin shapes.

The last animal did not seem disposed to retire, and the party watched him many minutes.

"Back to the lodges!" said Red Wolf, suddenly. "The big moose will not come again for thirty years. Then the white man's houses will be here, and his boats will float on the Androscoggin's rivers."

With the last word the chief saluted the dark figure on the light spot, and in the Indian language bade the moose farewell.

"I'd like to have a shot at him," said Harold to Mark. "We have seen real moose. I am not to be duped by the silly legend, if old Red Wolf and Kit do believe it. Now we are to tramp back to Androscoggy without having fired a shot into one of the finest bands of moose that ever crossed the Penobscot. I tell you, Mark, it is a shame. I feel like rebelling, so badly do I want a shot at that big elk in the moonlight."

Mark Boldly smiled.

"He gives me the moose fever, too," he said. "Harold, let us slip from the band and give him a ball."

"Agreed," said Harold, pleased with the idea.

A minute later, in a neck of pine woods quite dark, the two boys managed to desert the party unnoticed.

They turned quietly, and hurried towards the two pines.

There stood the great moose in the soft moonlight, a splendid target for the excited young marksmen.

The clicking of the locks did not disturb him, and the boys had their rifles at their shoulders, when Kit's voice fell upon their ears. He had missed them.

"Harold! Mark! I say you mustn't shoot at the ghost."

He did not seem twenty yards away.

"Don't mind him," whispered Mark to his companion; "ready?"

"Ready," responded Harold, with his cheek pressed against his gunstock.

"One—two—three—fire!"

The rifles cracked simultaneously; the moose, spectre or flesh, bounded into the air, and fell back upon the snow.

"Ghosts—botheration," cried Harold. "I knew from the beginning that the story was all fudge."

The following moment Kit South bounded between the boys, whom he thrust apart and held with his hands.

"Haven't you any respect for Red Wolf?" he cried, shaking the young hunters till their guns almost fell from their hands. "Them moose be ghosts, and—"

"Ghosts! Look up the mountain."

Kit obeyed, and started back, with an exclamation on his lips.

"Well, I swan, if you didn't drop one of 'em!" he cried. "No! it must be a moose what followed the spooks. Red Wolf says that the real moose do it sometimes."

"Well, perhaps," said Harold, glancing at Mark with a curious twinkle in his eye. "We dropped a moose, anyhow."

The crack of the rifles brought the remainder of the party to the spot, and the animal was found to be one of the very largest of his species.

Kit declared him to be the largest one he had ever seen, and went into ecstacies over the magnificent antlers.

"Big moose follow the ones from the Manitou's hunting grounds," said Red Wolf, still adhering to the tradition.

"The old fellow is right," Kit said to the boys. "This moose is not the fellow we left here awhile back—that is certain."

A smile went round the quartette, who believed that the dead moose belonged to what had long been called the "phantom band."

Harold and Mark were elated over their exploit, and the great antlers were laid away for transportation to Portland. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIEUTENANT CONDER, chief of the English expedition to survey Palestine, has given an account of his operations during the last four years. One of its points of great interest is the fact that many localities celebrated in Biblical history can still be recognized through the persistence of their ancient Hebrew names in the language (Arabic) of the tribes now inhabiting the Holy Land. In the history of David, for example, Lieutenant Conder claims to have identified the scene of his fight with Goliath; of his meeting with Saul in the cave, and of many other incidents in his life, up to the fatal battle of Gilboa.

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The Post still continues to maintain its proud position as "The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies," and each week is filled with the choicest literature, including instalments of Three Serials, Sketches, Poetry, Essays, Historical and Scientific Notes, Centennial News, Receipts, Agricultural Items, Fashion Articles, Our Boys and Girls, Floral Department, Correspondents' Bureau, and everything of an interesting character designed to instruct and amuse the intelligent Family.

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AGRICULTURAL.

AT least half of the trees which bear fruit every year would be benefited by having half the fruit taken off as soon as it is well set. The overbearing of a tree will in a few years destroy it.

BEETS constitute a healthy nutritious article of diet for cattle. Warmly sheltered milch cows fed liberally, will thus keep up a flow of milk in winter almost equal in amount to that given by grass-fed cows in June.

THE proper distance to sow or plant seed, is in such a way that the roots of the plants will about touch each other when mature. Thus, a wheat plant requires for its best development a space about four or six inches from another plant.

THE simplest way of securing early plants, where but a few are required, is to start them in window boxes. These ought to be three or four inches deep, and filled to within half an inch of the top with fine, light, rich garden soil. For raising plants largely, of course they must be sown in a hot-bed.

IN laying out plans for the coming season it is best to plant or sow some of all crops which can be grown successfully. In this way the failure of any one will not entail great loss, and employment may be found for all parts of the season better than by the cultivation of one specialty.

GARDENERS should attend to the following rules in making flower-beds: 1. Avoid placing rose-colored next to scarlet, orange or violet. 2. Do not place orange next to yellow, or blue next to violet. 3. White relieves any color, but do not place it next to yellow. 4. Orange goes well with blue, and yellow with violet. 5. Rose-color and purple always go well together.

IN planting strawberries make new beds and remove all runners not wanted for planting, from the old beds. Set the plants in rows two feet apart, and eighteen inches in the rows. Mulch with leaves or cut straw to keep the newly planted beds from drying out during the summer, and upon old beds to promote growth and keep the fruit clean. Use well-rotted manure before setting out plants.

THE raspberry is not so hard to cultivate as the strawberry. If you get a good set you can do most of the work with a cultivator between rows, but in the row the hoe is necessary. It is a very important point in planting raspberries to plant the earliest and the latest, so as to keep up a succession of berries about five weeks; whereas, if you have only, say two varieties, your berry season will be short. Raspberries are a pretty sure crop, so to speak.

AMONG other means employed in the removal of stumps, comes the suggestion to use sheet iron chimneys. These are cone-shaped below, in order to cover the stumps, extend into a tall stove pipe above, and are raised upon short iron legs, in order to furnish a draft from beneath. Kindling material is piled around the stump, the chimney is placed over all, and fire applied. The chimney acts as a blower, and with a good draft, the stump is soon consumed. A few of these chimneys, of different sizes, will clear a field of stumps at a very small expense of time and labor.

THE pride of the old country garden was always centered in the hop-vines and horse-radish bed; that is, I mean, in all well-regulated places, for there were as many slovenly people in those days as now. These two plants are usually stuck away into some corner, as objectionable features, and as vegetables that will take care of themselves at any rate; but we beg leave to differ from this opinion, as they are each highly benefited by liberal culture and a good coat of manure. They are both propagated with very little trouble, merely dividing the crowns, and, in the case of the horse-radish, every small piece will throw up a top, and soon form a straight, nicely-shaped root. Hop-vines, as too frequently seen, are the reverse of ornamental, clinging to a pole after the manner of the leaning Tower of Pisa. The support should be well branched, to allow plenty of air to circulate among the tops.

ROTATION OF CROPS.—As desirable as rotation in office may be, it can not be more so than a judicious rotation of crops raised on the farm. No matter how fertile the soil, it is conceded that constant cropping with one, two, or three kinds of grain will wear out the land. All good farmers concede that a proper rotation of crops, including the grasses, should be followed. Chemists inform us that the nutriment of food-producing plants is taken in part from the soil in solution through the roots and partly from the air through the leaves, and therefore that suitable food must be provided, or a manifest deterioration will result. The good farmer, while he aims to produce the largest crops at the least expense, will also be careful to keep up the fertility of the soil by a judicious rotation of crops, supplemented by the application of manures to the land.—*Rural World.*

CLIMBING PLANTS.—After the tendrils of climbing plants have attached themselves to a support, whether by twining about it or fixing upon it the flattened discs at their extremities, they rapidly increase in size and strength. The tendrils of the Virginia creeper (Ampelopsis quinquefolia), popularly but wrongly called American woodbine, are terminated after their contact with some object, with discs, which are at first gorged with fluid, but ultimately become woody. The tendrils live but a single season, yet still adhere firmly in a dead state to the stem and to the surface of attachment. Darwin says, in his recent work on Climbing Plants, that the strength and durability of these dead tendrils are wonderful. "There are tendrils now adhering to my house," he says, "which are still strong, and have been exposed to the weather in a dead state for fourteen or fifteen years. One single lateral branchlet of a tendril had five disc-bearing branches of equal thickness, and apparently of equal strength; so that after having been exposed during ten years to the weather, it would probably have resisted a strain of ten pounds."

WEAK LUNGS AND SENSITIVE THROATS are severely tried by the sudden changes of temperature occurring during our winters, and in consequence *Asthmatic Affections, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pleurisy, Bronchitis, and similar complaints*, are sure to be more or less prevalent. Coughs and Colds, the forerunners of these often fatal complaints, should be prudently taken in hand on the first symptoms, by resorting at once to *Dr. Jayne's Expectorant*, an old and well-tried remedy, certain to remove your Cold, and to exert a healing and strengthening effect on the Pulmonary and Bronchial organs.

MANY people have the desire to know the value of gold and silver in bulk. The following statement made to the Denver (Col.) *Tribune* by Prof. E. L. Schirmer, Superintendent of the Branch Mint of that city may be relied upon as correct: The fineness of Colorado gold and silver is given. It is a matter of considerable value and should be carefully preserved for reference: One ton (2000 pounds avoirdupois) of gold and silver contains 29,163 troy ounces, and, therefore, the value of a ton of pure gold is $602,799.21, and of a ton of pure silver, $37,704 48. A cubic foot of pure gold weighs 1 618.74 pounds avoirdupois; a cubic foot of pure silver weighs 556 25 pounds avoirdupois. If there is one per cent. of gold or silver in a ton of ore, it contains 291.63 ounces troy of either of these metals. The average fineness of the Colorado gold is 781 in 1,000 and the natural alloy; gold is 781, silver 208, copper 10; total 1000. The calculations at the mint are made on the basis that 43 ounces of standard gold, or 900 fine (coin), is worth $800, and 11 ounces of silver 900 fine (coin), is worth $13.80.

TIME wears slippers of list, and his tread is noiseless. The days come softly dawning one after another; they creep in at the windows; their fresh morning air is grateful to the lips as they pant for it; their music is sweet to the ears that listen to it; until, before we know it, a whole life of days has possession of the citidel, and time has taken us for its own.

Depressing Maladies.

Dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness, as well as disorders of the nervous system and the organs of urination, react by sympathy upon the brain, frequently causing a degree of mental depression not remotely akin to insanity. The surest way to banish the "blues" thus produced is to use that unfailing antidote to bodily irregularity and gloominess of mind, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. A course of the great corrective tonic promptly removes the maladies above specified, as well as many others, and restores the cheerfulness which is such a characteristic attendant of good health. It likewise imparts a vigor to the constitution which is its surest safeguard against disease, and the best guarantee of a long life. The aged and infirm, as well as the sick and convalescent, derive inexpressible comfort and benefit from its use.

MR. CANNON, whose business is elsewhere mentioned in our columns, is probably the largest dealer in Visiting Cards in the world. Starting two years since with small capital, and the times against him, his wonderful energy and perseverance have met with a success unparalleled, until now he is running four establishments, viz.: at 46 Kneeland street, 26 Tyler street, 30 Kneeland street, and 712 Washington street, the last two, without doubt, being as pleasant printing rooms as can be found in the city. And it is worthy of note that at his jobbing establishment, he refuses a great deal of work in the line of whisky and tobacco, dancing and gambling advertising, depending upon the temperance and religious public alone for patronage. He is receiving daily about a thousand orders from all quarters of the globe, and during the month of February, he printed the enormous amount of *two million* cards.

PROFESSOR ASHER'S Select Dancing Academy, southwest corner Twelfth and Chestnut streets, entrance on Twelfth street. All the new and fashionable dances taught. Ladies' and Gentlemen's class Tuesday and Friday evenings; Misses' and Master's Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Private lessons singly or in classes at any hour to suit own convenience. Boston and Glide taught correctly in five lessons. Applications from private residences, schools, seminaries, etc., will at all times receive prompt attention. Ladies and gentlemen desiring it can receive instructions separately, in private class or at their residences. For terms, circulars, etc., apply or address Prof. Asher, Twelfth and Chestnut Streets.

A Popular Hotel.

The Westminster Hotel is one of the most select and comfortable of the first-class hotels in New York. It is conveniently located, being but one block from Union Square and Broadway, convenient to the great stores, churches, and places of amusement. A wood pavement covers the streets around, thus relieving its guests of the annoyance incident to other hotels on the stone-paved and crowded thoroughfares. Persons who would enjoy all the luxuries of a first-class hotel, with that home-like ease and quiet so desirable to the wearied traveler, will find the Westminster the place to stop. It is kept on the European plan. See card in advertising columns.

The Rule of "No Cure No Pay."—The oldest and best hernia surgeons in the world, the only lady surgeon on earth skilled in the cure of Ruptures, the only elastic truss worthy of the name, free examination and advice are some of the advantages offered by the Triumph Truss Company, No. 354 Bowery, New York. Send for descriptive pamphlet.

Wilbor's Cod Liver Oil and Lime.—Persons who have been taking Cod Liver Oil will be pleased to learn that Dr. Wilbor has succeeded, from directions of several professional gentlemen, in combining the pure oil and lime in such a manner that it is pleasant to the taste, and its effects in lung complaints are truly wonderful. Very many persons whose cases were pronounced hopeless, and who had taken the clear oil for a long time without marked effect, have been entirely cured by using this preparation. Be sure and get the genuine. Manufactured only by A. B. Wilbor, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

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Is radically, rapidly, and readily cured by use of Griffen's Rheumatic Remedies. Price One Dollar each. Sent by express, prepaid, on receipt of $1.25, to any part of the United States. Universal Hemorrhoidal cures Piles, painlessly, in a week. Price 75 cents sent by express for $1.00. Office, No. 114 S. Fourth street, Philadelphia. *Mention this paper.*

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Cure Sick Headache and all Disorders of the Liver, indicated by sallow skin, coated tongue, costiveness, drowsiness and general feeling of weariness and lassitude, showing that the liver is in a torpid or obstructed condition.

In short, these Pills may be used with advantage in all cases when a purgative or alterative medicine is required.

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WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

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Debility, a depressed, irritable state of mind, a weak, nervous, exhausted feeling, no energy or animation, confused head, weak memory, the consequences of excesses, mental overwork. This nervous debility finds a sovereign cure in E. F. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON. It tones the system, dispels the mental gloom and despondency and rejuvenates the entire system. Sold only in $1 bottles. Get the genuine. Take only E. F. Kunkel's, it has a yellow wrapper around it, his photograph on outside. Sold by your druggist. E. F. Kunkel, Proprietor, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Head and all complete in two hours. No fee till head passes. Scat, Pin and Stomach Worms removed by Dr. KUNKEL, 259 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. To have Tape Worm removed, patients must come on, but for all other worms, your druggist can procure it. Ask for KUNKEL'S WORM SYRUP. Price $1, and guaranteed. Send for circular.

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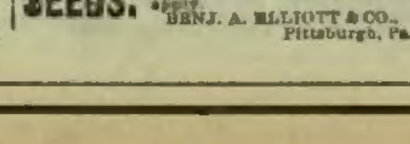

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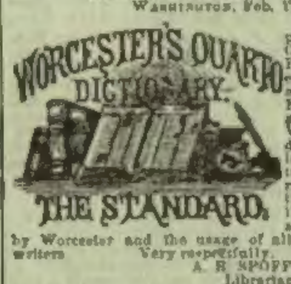

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Eight Beautiful Ever-Blooming Roses, pot grown, sent safely by mail, postpaid, for $1.

SEEDS.
25 Choice Varieties of Flower Seeds sent for $1.
Catalogues of Seeds and Plants sent free to all who apply.
BENJ. A. ELLIOTT & CO.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

I hope the readers of the SAT. EVENING POST will not think me vain or egotistical when they see my picture at the head of my advertisement, for I do not consider it a remarkable one, or its original a remarkable man. No, no. Far from it. Well, what object can I have? Let me tell you. During the past two years I have made the acquaintance, through the mail, of a great many people, some of whom now write me often, frequently more in a sociable and friendly than in a business way, whose faces I have never seen, but whom I consider warm friends. Some have sent me their pictures, and I simply take this method of returning the compliment, but would much prefer giving each a hearty shake of the hand instead. Some are well and strong, in the prime of life, doing a thriving business, with my cards as auxiliaries. Some are lame, not capable of doing a day's work; others are bed-ridden sufferers, who depend upon something like an agency as a light business for their support. And though we may never meet upon the shores of time, I trust, judging from the letters I have received, that this acquaintanceship will be renewed face to face in the Eternal Home. Would that I could thus think of all my patrons!

Prices for my Visiting Cards.

70 cards, no two alike (acknowledged by many agents to be the best assortment they ever saw), with your name on them, for 60 cents and 3-cent stamp; 50 white and 18 samples, including samples of the best varieties, 25 cents and 3-cent stamp; 5 packs, $1.00; 25 white Bristol, 10 cents and 2-cent stamp; 6 packs, 50 cents. Boys and Girls, now is your time. If you fear humbug, try the 12-cent lot. I have now 70 styles of type, and ere this reaches the public, several more will be added. I have 70 kinds of cards, type and card combined making more than 140 styles. Samples of type and a list of all my cards, agent's Price List, etc., sent with each new order. Cards will be sent within two days after the order is received.

A Few Hints to my Patrons.

Please remember, send no nickle or copper coin in letters, as the postage frequently costs more than the coins amount to. Postage stamps in payment for goods should not be stuck to the letter, as they are often spoiled in removing.

Cash must accompany each order. Write name, town, and State plainly. If you send the name of another person, have them spell it to you as you write it, and be sure and make EVERY LETTER PLAIN; get them all in, and in the right place. About one name in four or five hundred comes spelled wrong. Be careful.

Do not wait to get large orders. Better send often, with small orders and small sums. Parties living in the far West and South may expect cards from five to ten days after writing; but in no case delay more than three weeks to write me if the cards are not received.

Mistakes are seldom made in my office (as I have some of the most expert and careful printers in the country, and perhaps I may say in the world); but when one does occur, if the agent's copy is correct, and plainly written, the cards should be returned, and I will promptly refund the money or refill the order without charge.

My cards are printed from nickel silver-plated type, making the most perfect impression that can be made, and I have no inexperienced boys nor drunken printers in my office.

If you don't hear from me promptly, don't write me an abusive letter nor threaten to advertise me in some little 7x9 newspaper, or to notify the police (I'll tell you know whether you signed your name and gave address plainly in your first letter.

Tickets for balls, theatres, or gamblers not printed. Dealers in tobacco or whiskey need not apply.

Address all orders by mail to W. C. CANNON,
Box 279, Boston, Mass.

Wishing all my patrons success, and hoping to hear from many readers of the SAT. EVENING POST, remain as heretofore, W. C. CANNON.

Offices—46 Kneeland, 26 Tyler, 30 Kneeland, and 712 Washington Streets.

The Utility Adjustable Table.

May be raised or lowered in height to suit any person or purpose, and be folded compactly in a moment. For cutting, basting, trimming, writing, study, sickness, children, games, etc. The standard table of the world—in great variety of style, size, shape and price. Send stamp for illustrated circular, and quote SATURDAY EVENING POST.
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A Promoter
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BURNETT'S
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For preserving and beautifying the Hair, and rendering it dark and glossy. The Cocoaine holds, in a liquid form, a large proportion of deodorized

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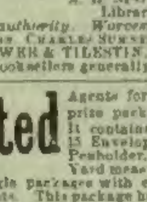

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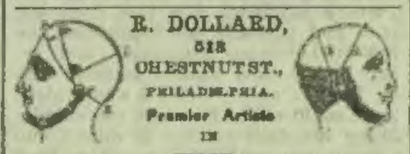

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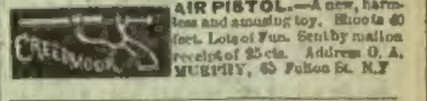

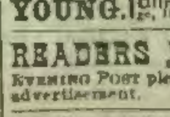

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THE BOUDOIR.

Now that Lent has set a seal upon all pronounced gaieties, such as balls, dancing parties, etc., there is very little going on in the fashionable world. Yet we can always find occasion for descriptions of toilettes, etc., since the mortification of the flesh, as followed in the present age, does not extend itself to deprivation of dainty clothing. Spring styles abound, and the air is full of "hat blossoms" and "full blown" costumes, as a cynical friend of ours quaintly put it.

Fashion is in her most gracious mood, and allows anything to be worn that does not sin flagrantly against good taste.

We have had some applications concerning bridal toilettes, and in order to meet such wants, will give a description of one that will be found appropriate and suitable.

It is of fine faille silk, with an overdress of crepe lisse. The dress is high in the corsage, and has a deep cuirass basque. A Martha Washington fichu, laid in folds, and edged with deep Valenciennes lace, is worn, low in the back, and crossing in a V shape upon the bust. The sleeves are of silk, cut in points, the points turned towards the outer part of the arm, and showing an undersleeve of crepe lisse puffed between the points. Deep overdress of crepe lisse, hemmed at the bottom, and looped on the left side with a garland of white heather sprays and orange buds. The underskirt has a deep flounce at the bottom laid in kilt plaits, and above, two flounces of crepe lisse—one shirred the other knife-pleated. Above the upper flounce is a garland or heading of heather and orange blossoms. A long veil of tulle, hemmed at the bottom, is worn, and fastened on the head by a half wreath of heather and orange buds. Long gloves with six buttons, and a breast knot of Valenciennes lace and orange buds intermingled with heather completed this very attractive toilette.

A pretty dress for a bridesmaid was of pale blue silk, the most delicate shade, covered with puffings of tulle besprinkled with delicate sprays of trailing arbutus. No overskirt, but the back widths are of extra length, and are drawn up to form a bouffant below the corset waist. This latter is laced up behind, and has a berthe of puffed tulle, with a garland of the trailing arbutus heading it. Rows of blue ribbon cap the small puffed sleeves. A wide sash of serge silk commences on the sides of the waist, and is carried behind, under the bouffant, and tied in a loose bow. The ends are trimmed with duchesse lace.

Another bridesmaid dress, intended to accompany the one just described, was of cream colored serge silk, and had two deep flounces of cream colored crepe at the bottom, also an overskirt of the same, looped with clusters of pale lilac blossoms. A berthe of crepe looped on the shoulder and on the bosom with lilac clusters, and a corset waist of silk with deep point back and front, completed the dress.

It is very much the custom now for the bridesmaids to wear dresses of light colored silks in contradistinction to the snowy purity of the bride's attire.

A charming French costume of brown silk, combined with brown India cashmere, was made as follows: The underskirt had three deep overlapping flounces of silk, trimmed at the bottom with a four-inch band of satin a shade darker than the silk. The overdress, of cashmere, was lighter in tint than the underskirt, and was very deep and full. It was draped at the sides, and had deep drapery at the back. A heavy knotted fringe edged it, above which was a trimming of ecru colored cashmere lace. Down the front a double piping of silk was put, edged on each side with the lace, in the centre of which were placed longitudinally three bows of ribbon with long ends. The close fitting cuirass basque was piped with silk, and had silk sleeves, with deep square satin cuffs edged all around with the cashmere lace. A double row of the lace, with a piping of silk in between, was placed down the fronts of the basque, commencing on the shoulder and ending at the bottom of the basque. A similar trimming adorned the middle of the back, and a high round collar of satin, with quilling of lace inside, finished the neck. A brown chip hat, with close sides and high front, lined with cream colored serge, and having a band of cream color mingled with brown about the crown, and with tips of brown and cream color at the back, is worn with this suit.

An outer garment for a little girl is of pearl colored cashmere; with Marguerite back, and loose sacque front, buttoned down from throat to hem with pearl tinted buttons; and having large square pockets of black velvet, with cuffs and collar of the same. A sash of pale pearl colored serge, silk fringed on the ends, and fastened in the side seams, then tied loosely at the back, completes this very pretty pardessus. A wide rimmed, pearl colored felt hat, with long ostrich plume, and soft scarf of serge silk about the rim, is worn with this.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Colored grenadines will be worn during the summer, dark green or dark blue being given the preference.

Long sacques, with shorter backs than fronts, and deep hanging sleeves, are popular for spring wraps.

Buttons are quite small again, and button-moulds covered with gros grain are used.

The new bonnets and hats have close sides, and have high raised fronts, quite flared up from the forehead.

The hair is worn high upon the head, and with drooping braids or curls behind.

A fancy for etching on silk, etc., making fans and lamp shades of such work, is very popular.

New chatelaine bags are of Russia leather, embroidered in point de Russe stitch.

Veils of gray crepe lisse abound these April days.

Bracelets of shell in filagree designs are much worn.

Large fans, painted in Centennial designs, will be much used during the summer.

Dotted lace veils are not as popular as formerly; some, however, are seen, tied behind.

Breakfast caps of fine sheer muslin are universally worn by young matrons, settled dames, and even coquettish young debutantes.

Dog collars of velvet ribbon have an antique locket pendant; others are of ribbon edged with narrow lace.

Spanish mantillas of cream-tinted lace are shown for wear in the evenings at the seaside.

The Juive robe gains in popularity, and is being largely worn.

The new sun umbrellas are dark green lined with cream color.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Homer, Colladay & Co., for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

As the warmer days begin to steal on space those who are fond of window gardening commence to enjoy the fruits of the winter's patient care; and relieved from the prison of the dry hot air of heater and stoves, the flowers grow more presentable.

Apropos of such things, we intend to give a description in this issue of a window box, made in an ingenious way, and very effective when finished. The frame must be made by a carpenter, or, more properly speaking, the box. It must be as long as the window-seat, and about ten inches in width. The face of the sides must have a groove in top and bottom edge, in order that a piece of glass may be slided in. This piece of glass must be cut to fit the sides evenly. The box may be made of walnut, oak, or pine wood; in case the latter is used, it may be stained walnut color. Now procure a half yard of French cretonne, with a delicately tinted ground of pink, pale blue, or else get one with a black ground. A pattern of fine flowers, small bright-colored birds and butterflies is desirable. Make a paste by dissolving gum tragacenth in water; and cutting your cretonne to fit the side of your box, paste it smoothly on to the wood. After it is thoroughly dry, and adhering smoothly, slide in your glass over it, and fasten at the open end by means of putty or red cement. The putty must be colored to correspond with the rest of the box. With a neat edge surmounting the sides the box could not be distinguished from a handsome majolica or bisque one, and the cost is comparatively trifling. Fill with violet, pelargoniums, and flowering geraniums, not forgetting a fuschia and some sprays of smilax, and place in your window or on a stand in front of the window, and it will not only rejoice your own eyes, but send pleasure to many a weary heart that passes by.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

KITTIE.—Make a gray delaine for traveling. Trim with knife pleatings on the underskirt, and have either a long polonaise or deep overskirt and cuirass basque. Get a gray chip hat also.

ANNIE E. LEMOIS.—We think it is too late to purchase a new felt hat, as the season is so far advanced. You can, however, wear your light winter felt for some time to come. The hat for spring and summer wear will be the ecru or unbleached chip, with revers front and close narrow sides. If you wish we can procure one for you now, as there have been several openings.

MRS. M. A. HUNTER.—We would advise you to make the suit with kilt-pleated underskirt and round apron overskirt, with Louis XVth basque and vest, or else with a polonaise. We can furnish you with underskirt and overskirt with basque, such as we have suggested, for fifty cents and two three-cent stamps for postage; or else with polonaise for thirty-five cents, and same amount of stamps for postage. NINON.

AN APRIL SHOWER.

BY S. E. M.

I gazed on the lawn when the snow softly falling,
Enveloped the ground in a mantle of white,
And somehow or other it set me recalling
That "scene" of last April—our first croquet fight.
Whilst others were searching for mallets and balls, dear,
We stole off discussing the chance of our side;
Though little we cared as we answered love's calls, dear,
And strolled o'er the garden away far and wide.

Your aunt, ever watchful, soon spied us together,
And whispered to Ernest.—(that child is a fool!)—
To water the *parterre*, though doubtful the weather.
I heartily wished the young urchin at—school!
Though I frowned and you chided, the water came falling
About us in torrents; I saw aunty grin
When you box'd the brat's ears, dear, and sent him off squalling.
For we had to part, love—drenched through to the skin!

CENTENNIAL SKETCHES.

By CHAS. McKNIGHT, Esq.

Author of "Simon Girty," "Fort Duquesne," Etc., Etc.

NUMBER 1.

THE MYSTERIOUS MAJOR JOHN ROSE.

Through favor of Dr. Wm. A. Irvine, of Pennsylvania, grandson of Gen. Wm. Irvine, of Revolutionary fame, we have lately enjoyed the privilege of looking over some curious and time-stained letters from Europe, penned by one who for several years remained an inscrutable enigma to all his associates.

The story connected with the mysterious writer is a strange one, known to but few, and forms a romantic and interesting episode of our Revolutionary struggle.

In 1761, Gen. Washington, greatly disturbed by alarming reports from the Western Border, then rent by faction, scourged by savages, denuded of its military defenders, and menaced with a formidable British-Indian invasion from Canada, carefully selected Gen. Wm. Irvine, commanding the Second Pennsylvania Brigade, and an officer of oft-tested prudence and bravery, to repair to that harassed frontier and bring order out of chaos. At that time Fort Pitt, situate at the head of the Ohio, and near the populous and opulent city of Pittsburgh, was the centre of American, as Detroit was of British operations.

Irvine was the right man in the right place. Promptly repairing to his post, accompanied and sedulously aided by a *protege* of his, afterwards known all along the Border as Major John Rose, the work of reform commenced. Fort Pitt was found scarcely more than a heap of ruins, occupied by a mutinous, half-clad and demoralized soldiery. The place was at once put in a good state of defence; the general and his gentlemanly aid, Rose, laboring with their own hands, the *morale* of the rabble soldiery was restored, and a general confidence grown up again on the Border. Rose soon became a universal favorite with all, and was especially trusted and beloved by his commander, who lodged him at his own quarters, and made him an esteemed inmate of his own household.

About this Major John Rose there was a strange mystery. His face, dress, accent and manners all betokened the well-bred foreign gentleman, and yet here he was on a distant outpost, with an English name, which it was evident to all could not be his own, contentedly filling his daily routine of duties, and doing it, too, well and thoroughly. Neat in his attire, courteous in his manner, quick to conceive and prompt to execute, and, withal, an exact and conscientious business man, he was respected by all with whom he came in contact, and especially by his loved patron.

Although surmises that the gallant major was far other than he seemed were generally current, all that even his commander knew for certain was, that early in our Revolutionary struggles, a young foreigner of pleasant face, fine person, and engaging manners, speaking the French and German languages fluently, but the English imperfectly, and giving his name as John Rose, sought a commission in our Continental army. Of himself and previous history he ever maintained an obstinate silence.

Failing in his wishes regarding an officer's appointment, he was not discouraged, but did duty as surgeon's assistant in one of the military hospitals. His exemplary conduct and courtly manners soon won him friends, and he succeeded in securing an appointment as surgeon in the Seventh Pennsylvania regiment, Col. Irvine.

The amiable young foreigner soon became a great favorite with Irvine, but owing to the jealousy towards him entertained by some of the American officers, or from some other unknown cause, he resigned his position, volunteered as surgeon in the navy, was taken prisoner by the British, and confined at New York.

On his exchange the next year (1781), he again repaired to the camp of Irvine, his unswerving friend, was made ensign, and in July was appointed his aid, accompanying the general, as we have seen, to Fort Pitt.

Here, it is but faint praise to say that, in every position in which he was placed, the major did his whole duty, winning "golden opinions from all sorts of people."

In March, 1782, occurred the "Massacre of the Moravians," one of the most atrocious and execrable slaughters that has ever besmirched the American name. In retaliation for certain scalping marauds on Buffalo and Raccoon Creeks, Col. David Williamson led a band of about a hundred borderers against the three Moravian towns on the Muskingum, which had nothing whatever to do with the late savage raids against the frontier.

The poor innocent victims, to the number of about one hundred and fifty, were found in the fields. First cajoling these credulous converts with false promises, they basely obtained possession of their arms, and then drove them into what they appropriately called "slaughter-houses"—the men into one, and the woman and children into another. After mature deliberation, and giving their non-combatant victims a night in which to prepare, by praying and singing, for their hard and cruel death, they mercilessly proceeded to butcher them under conditions of incredible atrocity, killing forty-one men, twenty-one women, and thirty-four innocent little children.

This unholy and dastardly massacre, in which even the scalping savages were taught inhumanity beyond their own ken or practice, was productive of horribly bloody results. The Ohio savages were exasperated beyond all precedent, and coursed through the woods like packs of bloodhounds. The whole Border, in natural expectation of a swift and terrible revenge, was thrown into a dreadful panic. Many deserted their homes, and either "footed" or took their flight eastward. The feeling became general that there was no safety except by a hostile expedition into the Indian country, and the destruction of the Sandusky towns.

This clamor led to the ill-starred expedition of four hundred and eighty mounted borderers, under the command of Colonels Crawford and Williamson, against Sandusky. This was one of the most notable and calamitous movements that ever occurred on the Western Border, resulting in two engagements, a hurried retreat by night, continuing for several days, the loss of about seventy officers and men, and the death by torture of the lamented Col. Crawford, his son, nephew, and son-in-law.

The awful and protracted tortures of Col. Crawford, the gallant partisan officer, the courteous gentleman, and the trusted, life-long friend of Washington, as well as the wonderful escapes of Dr. Knight and Slover, the guide, will ever be among the most memorable events in Western Border history.

When the horrible details of poor Crawford's death, as related by Dr. Knight, an eye witness, became known to the people, it was a terrible shock to the whole country. On the Border there was universal gloom and a low, sullen muttering of revengeful wrath. The "deep damnation of his taking off" was almost a national calamity.

Dr. Knight and Major John Rose had been detailed by Gen. Irvine to give an official sanction to the expedition. The latter acted as aid to Col. Crawford, but none could, at the outset of the march, have suspected the important part he was to play in it. The truth is, that instead of this hurried and secret march being, as was designed, a surprise to the Confederated Tribes, it was the *whites* who were surprised, and hence the defeat and disastrous retreat. The gathering of this very flower of the border had been sedulously watched by a sleepless foe from the first moment of its inception.

Ever since the Moravian Massacre, watchful Indian spies had prowled all along the Border. The news of the noisy muster at Mingo Bottom had been carried by fleet runners to all the allied tribes, and these towns were working like hives of angry bees. Runners were sent to Detroit imploring British aid. The tocsin of alarm was sounded among the Shawnee towns of Mad River, the Delawares on the Tymochtee and the Hurons on the Sandusky. The squaws and children were quickly hurried to a safe place of retreat, and all the braves—plumed and painted for the war-path—treaded their devious ways to one common centre.

It was, then, the combined forces of three warlike tribes, complemented by a troop of British Horse, "Butler's Rangers," led on by Capt. Matthew Elliott and the notorious Simon Girty, that the deluded border-troop had to encounter.

It was now that the superior genius of Major John Rose flashed upon his admiring companions. As the opposing forces drew near the dread conflict, his keen, dark eyes flamed with "the fire of battle." His demeanor was calm, cool and confident. As he scoured along on his fleet, blooded mare from point to point, his boldness and fine martial bearing attracted all eyes and won every heart.

The next day, too, during the retreat and pursuit, when Crawford, having been separated from his command and irretrievably lost, Col. Williamson took the command of the panting fugitive band, Rose acted as his most efficient aid. At the second battle he flew from rank to rank, cheering and encouraging all by his coolness and intrepidity. "It is not too much to say," writes Butterfield in his admirable and exhaustive monograph of the Crawford Expedition, "that the undaunted young foreigner was the *good angel* of the American forces! 'Stand to your ranks, boys!' were his inspiring words sounding along the lines; 'stand to your ranks and take steady aim! fire low and don't throw away a single shot! Everything depends on your steadiness!'"

Col. Williamson, in his official report to Gen. Irvine, writes thus of his gallant aid: "I must acknowledge myself ever obliged to Major Rose for assistance, both in the field of action and in the camp. His character is estimable, and his bravery cannot be outdone." Gen. Irvine, too, in his letter to Crawford's widow says: "After the defeat, Williamson and others informed me that it was owing, in great degree, to the bravery and good conduct of Major Rose that the retreat was so well effected."

From Mingo Bottom Rose returned to Fort Pitt, remaining there until the close of the war, and being entrusted with money to pay the troops, he was ever very methodical and exact in his accounts. Upon one occasion he charged himself with a half pint of whisky, explaining in his report that it "was used to wash the back of my portmanteau horse, which was much hurt." In 1763 Rose was Secretary to the Pennsylvania Council of Censors. We next find him employed by his brother officers to look after their interests in the Pennsylvania Legislature, and then to arrange Gen. Irvine's accounts with the government, all of which he satisfactorily adjusted. His work now being concluded, the major wrote to Irvine, his benefactor, that he expected to leave for Europe the next week, but would write again before he sailed.

This good-bye letter came in due time, and in it the grateful major returned his heartfelt thanks for the kind and generous treatment he had ever received from the general and his family, but expressing regret that he had so long abstained from making known his true history. He then disclosed the interesting fact that his name was not John Rose, but Gustavus H. de Rosenthal, a Baron of the Empire of Russia. He had left Russia because of having killed, within the precincts of the Emperor's palace at St. Petersburg, a nobleman, in an encounter caused by a blow which his antagonist had given to an aged uncle in his presence.

He had then fled to England, and thence to the United States, to draw his sword in behalf of the struggling Colonies. Through the mediation of his family, the Emperor Alexander had at last pardoned him and graciously permitted his return, and he was about embarking for Amsterdam.

The letters from the Baron kindly sent us by Dr. Irvine, and alluded to at the opening of our article, were written in a neat, legible hand, and in very good English, to the Irvine family, which he ever seemed to hold in the most affectionate remembrance. He was then advanced to the dignity of Grand Marshal of Livonia. The letters are mainly dated at Revel, Russia, and abound in expressions of the warmest gratitude for the kind and generous treatment of him. He seemed to be anxious for the "Eagle and Order of Cincinnati," to which he was entitled, and adds, "the first man himself" (meaning the Emperor) "has been asking about it, and desires I should wear it."

In one of date March 1st, 1823, he writes about the value of a tract of land in Venango County, granted by the State of Pennsylvania in consideration of his valuable services, and has not yet given up a long cherished hope of making a trip to America.

In another letter he quaintly remarks, "I love above all things enjoying independence in the midst of my family, or a healthy spot of ground, with a clever, sensible set of men around me."

Dr. Irvine writes us that he has heard his grandmother say that Rose was well-formed, and very refined in his manners, showing high breeding. He was very popular with his brother officers, and in every letter from them to the general, affectionate inquiries were made after the major.

Baron de Rosenthal, in a letter dated August 4, 1806, announces that, out of five children, but three then lived, and of these, the oldest daughter was married, the youngest was at boarding school at St. Petersburg, and his son was studying law at Moskwa.

Very recently we have by the merest accident learned that a power of attorney had been received in Venango County, Pa., so late as 1859, from the heirs of Sir Gustave Heinrich de Rosenthal, Captain of the Knighthood of the Province of Esthonia in Russia, with authority to sell and convey his lands, which of late years have become quite valuable.

The Baron died in 1839, and so the name of this brave and patriotic Russian nobleman must be added to those of Lafayette, Steuben, De Kalb, Kosciusko, and the galaxy of noble foreigners who made haste to peril their lives in our Revolutionary struggle.

LADY VISITOR—"Can you tell me what is meant by your ghostly enemy?"
LITTLE BOY—"No, I don't know."
LADY VISITOR—"Now, try and think."
LITTLE BOY (after a pause)—"The parson, mum."

A WET SUNDAY.—A wet Sunday night affects the two classes of lovers in opposite ways. To him who is engaged it is a god-send, as it enables him to snug up to her in the parlor, and have the whole evening to himself; but to the other lover, the one who is not engaged, a rainy Sunday night is a most painful episode. His footing at the house isn't sure enough to warrant his going there through the storm, and all he can do is to attend the church and stand in the vestibule,, and pull up his shirt-collar, in the despairing hope that she may appear. She don't, of course, and he goes back to his dreary home, wretched and miserable beyond description. O, those days of ecstatic idiocy! How their memory overcomes us!—*Danbury News.*

IT is the minute circumstances of a man's conduct that we are to inquire for his real character. In these, he is under the influence of his natural disposition, and acts from himself; while in his more open and important actions he may be drawn by public opinion, and many other external motives, from that bias which his disposition would have taken.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

IF a lamp or candle or a very little fire is kept burning in a fireplace at night, a draught is created up the chimney, by which the foulest air in the room is carried out with great rapidity.

MR. EDSON, the electrician, has brought out an ingenious and useful invention, which exceeds in novelty all his previous efforts. It is an electrical duplicating press, which enables one to write a letter and take five copies per minute until hundreds of copies are produced.

THE initial velocities of the Chassepot, Martini-Henry, Snider, and needle-gun are 1,391, 1,354, 1,262 and 991 feet per second respectively. At 550 yards the Martini-Henry rifle-bullet overtakes that of the Chassepot, and the superiority, once established, of course increases with the range.

EXPERIMENTS in Germany on frozen potatoes prove that the freezing in no wise alters the chemical composition of the tubers. The change is simply physical, and, even if frozen hard, they are still fit for spirit distillation, or they may be pressed to get rid of the water, and then ground into a very good meal adapted for feeding cattle.

THE list of available materials for manufacturing gas has been augmented by the addition of cork. The waste from the cork-cutters distilled in close retorts gives a whiter and more brilliant light than coal, with the blue core of the flame much reduced. The results of experiments so far are so satisfactory that it is to be applied to street lighting.

APPLY soap-suds to a suspected leaky joint in the gas-pipe. The formation of bubbles will show any escape. This is safer than trying the joint with a lighted match. If the leak occur in the branch of a bracket or chandelier, it may be repaired by soldering with plumber's fine solder; if it be a very small one, heat the place first with a spirit-lamp, and fill the aperture with cement.

CHINESE physicians treat hydrophobia in a highly original manner. Two sandstone bottles, half filled with wine or spirits, are placed upon the fire until the liquid boils. The contents are then emptied, and the red-hot mouth of the bottle is applied to the bite and held there until it is filled with blood, when the same course is pursued with the other bottle. A decoction of rice, in which cantharides have been boiled for an hour, and then removed, is also given to the patient, who is required to keep perfectly quiet for eight or ten days.

GLYCERINE.—It is stated that glycerine may be burned in any lamp so long as the flame is kept on a level with the liquid. The latter, on account of its viscidity, will not ascend an elevated wick. As the flame, like that of alcohol, is almost colorless, and as the material is especially adapted for dissolving a large proportion of saline substances, experiments have recently been made in coloring the flame with various bodies, and with satisfactory results. By introducing substances rich in carbon, it appears that the flame may be rendered suitable for illuminating purposes. The low price of glycerine, and its property of non volatilising at high temperatures, add to its advantages in that direction.

CHESTNUT FLOUR.—Chestnut flour is the staple food of many Italian peasants, with which they make their *polenta*, preferring it to maize, as being more nutritious. The cost per head for this kind of food is from threepence to fourpence per day. The chestnut is also used whole for soup, while in some districts the flour is baked like oat-cake. A quantity of chestnut leaves is collected from the trees, the meal being mixed with water and the leaves placed on a hot iron plate to receive the dough. It is then covered with another layer of leaves, and a hot iron placed over the whole. Infants even participate in the advantages of chestnut meal, and are said to thrive remarkably well on food made from it.

EFFECT OF LIGHT.—A tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog; and an infant deprived of Heaven's free light will only grow into a shapeless idiot. Instead of a beautiful and reasonable being. Hence, in the deep, dark gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valais, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles the traveler. It is a strange, melancholy idiocy. Many persons are incapable of articulate speech; some are deaf, some are blind, some labor under all these privations, and all are misshapen in almost every part of the body. We believe there is in all places a marked difference in the healthiness of houses according to their aspect in regard to the sun, and those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being equal, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to the direct light. Epidemics attack inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and totally exempt those on the other side; and even in epidemics, such as gaue, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its labors.

PERSONALITIES.

LOTTA has purchased an elegant villa at Oakland, opposite San Francisco.

IT was Prince John Van Buren who, being stopped by highwaymen one night in City Hall Park, said: "Gentlemen, I haven't got any money, but I'll give you my note for three months."

THE Prince of Wales embarked at Bombay on the 6th of March for England, and there is talk of a great public reception for him when he sets foot again on his native shore, as well as on his entry into London.

TWO old ladies of Saugus, Mass., will send to the Centennial a sample of the tea pitched into Boston harbor. Their grandfather received it from one of the patriots who took part in the demonstration.

JOHN BENTRAM, of Salem, Massachusetts, in view of the depressed state of business, recently destroyed $30,000 of mortgages which he held against poor people. We suppose there is no great danger of contagion.

BRIGHAM YOUNG has promulgated an edict decreeing that there shall henceforth be no round dancing indulged in by the faithful, and moreover, that all balls shall begin at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and close by 10 o'clock in the evening.

THE father of all newspapers is the venerable Pekin *Gazette*, which is over 1,000 years old. It is a ten-page paper, with a yellow cover; has no stories, no "ads," no marriage or death notices, no editorials, no subscribers. It simply contains the official notices of the Government.

GEN. WASHINGTON bequeathed his family Bible, in three quarto volumes, to Lord Fairfax, who left it to the Herbert family. It has an autograph of G. W., and copious notes by Bishop Wilson, the editor and giver. It will be exhibited in the book department of the Centennial.

VON BULOW recently said: "Another thing about the American women which delights me, is the size and character of the ear. That is one of the first things I look at. A handsome ear is a wonderful feature about a woman. When it is well rounded and finely oblobed, it is a magnet to any man of taste."

DR. DIO LEWIS recently lost his dog in San Francisco, and when he discovered the animal in the public pound denounced the system for its brutality. The papers now say that the dog got tired of living on the scraps from two cents' worth of oatmeal a day, and gave himself up to the pound to get a square meal.

THE highest clerical salary paid in New York is said to be that of the Rev. Morgan Dix, of Trinity Church, who gets $18,000. In England salaries are higher. The Archbishop of Canterbury gets about $75,000 a year, and the humblest bishop about $10,000. Deans get from $5,000 to $15,000, and canons about the same. But some of the rural clergy and those in the smaller towns receive salaries which keep them and their families down almost to a starvation point.

AT the present time there are only two women in the United States notable for first-class engraving on steel. These are Miss Sartain, daughter of Mr. John Sartain, chief of the Art Department of the Centennial Exhibition, and Mrs. Wormley, of Columbus, Ohio. Miss Sartain had the good fortune to be educated in her art by her accomplished father, whose task of engraving Rothermel's latest picture, the "Battle of Gettysburg," she lately returned from Europe to assume in part, that he might accept the honorable appointment offered to him. Mrs. Wormley, who first became expert in drawing, devoted herself to the illustration of a large work which her husband, a distinguished chemist, wrote on poisons. After she finished the drawings they were sent to some Eastern city, to be engraved. A difficulty arose—no engraver could be found willing to undertake the microscopic work required. It was the opinion of engravers who were consulted that only the artist who drew the pictures could successfully engrave them. Thus compelled to finish the work, the wife of Dr. Wormley learned the art of engraving, engraved the plates, and enjoys the honor of having contributed as largely to the beauty and completeness of a celebrated scientific treatise. The work in progress at the wood-carving school at Cincinnati, under the direction of Mrs. Pitman, has been highly praised, and will be a unique contribution to the Women's Department of the Centennial Exhibition from Ohio.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—The Three Lovers. Lydia's Valentine. The Dreamer. Sybil's Journey. Wrecked. Homer and Parents.

T. W. G.—We have received your letter, but regret that it is altogether out of our power to forward your wishes in a literary point of view.

MAGNI.—"What is the difference between a flirt and a coquette?" Just the same as there is between a horse and a *chesnut*. The one is French for the other.

W. H. W.—In mounting photographs, use starch made into a thick jelly and allowed to cool. Wet your photographs thoroughly on both sides with a sponge, press between blotting paper, and apply a thin even coat of starch paste.

KNOWN.—"Please decide a dispute as to whether the term 'Borough' is ever applied to a city." In this country the term "borough" is applied only to an incorporated village or town, but not to a city. In England it includes cities as well, though in some old statutes the terms city, borough and village are used distinctively.

INQUIRER.—Of the forty-seven States and Territories of this Union, sixteen States and Territories have no usury laws; eleven States and Territories have a 10 per cent. legal rate, but a contract for a higher rate is valid. Thirty-five States and Territories have laws under which money can be collected at rates specified from 10 to 24 per cent., sixteen having no usury laws.

FAST.—Ash Wednesday is so called from an old practice in England of sprinkling ashes on the heads of penitents on that day. 2. The derivation of the Italian word "Carnival," given to Shrove Tuesday, that is the day immediately preceding Ash Wednesday is said to be from the two words *Carne vale*—good by meat, that being the last day on which meat is allowed by some churches to be eaten until after the expiration of Lent.

R. B. says—"I have got two barometers, the quicksilver of which has got separated. Would you have the goodness to inform me how I can get it to unite, and the mode of filling them? I have tried shaking, but cannot make it answer. If you can help me, etc."—A bubble of air has got between the mercury, to expel which heat must be applied in a particular way known to expert men. In the best barometers, the mercury is actually boiled in the tube, which is sent after it is filled. Apply to an optician.

W. A. M.—Treaties of extradition exist between the United States and Great Britain, France, Germany, Sweden and Norway, the Swiss Confederation, Venezuela, the Dominican Republic, Nicaragua, Austria, Italy, Mexico, Hayti, and Belgium. Hence, a man who has committed a crime in the United States (forgery, for example) could be apprehended and returned from any of the countries named, but he could not be arrested in Denmark, Holland, Russia, Spain, China, Japan, Brazil, or Egypt.

ENGRAVER.—"Noticing in your Correspondence Column many foolish queries, I take the liberty of asking a couple myself, and shall look for an answer in an early issue. What does a set of engravers' tools cost—for instance cheap ones?" Engraver is rather harsh on our correspondents in considering their questions foolish. He should consider that what may appear so to him, may appear sensible and important questions to their authors. A good set of engravers' tools will cost about three dollars. Poor tools are perfectly useless.

HONEST.—The right of appointment to West Point is vested in the Member of the House from each Congressional District. Recently these appointments have been by many members thrown open to competitive examination. The vacancy when it occurs is made public, and date for an examination of competitors for the vacancy announced. The one who passes the best examination is then recommended to the vacancy, and if he succeeds in also passing the examination required at the Academy, he obtains the appointment.

G. A.—We can hardly decide upon any course to advise you to take, as we do not know what reason your mother may have for her objections. However, we feel confident that a mother will not advise her children unless for their good. This we will venture to advise you in. Weigh well your mother's counsel, and if you cannot act wholly in accordance with her views, do not act too hastily. Wait two or even three years. You are very young to think of taking upon yourself the cares of a household. Remember always there is no truer friend on earth than your mother.

H. R. D.—The origin of music is lost in the twilight of tradition. In Holy Scripture Jubal is mentioned as the father of musicians (see Gen. iv., 21), and the Greeks and Romans both gave mythological accounts of its invention. To come to later times, musical notes are said to have been invented by Guido Aretino, a Benedictine monk, of Arezzo, in Italy, in A. D. 1025. The present system was perfected some 300 years later, and the system of counterpoint and harmony completed about the middle of the sixteenth century. The tonic sol-fa system was invented by Miss Glover, of Norwich, and much improved about the year 1847 by Mr. John Curwen.

C. W. T.—"Do you consider it advisable, as times are at present, for a young man to marry upon a small salary?" You probably know much better than we what the expenses of living are in your particular locality. If your salary is adequate to meet the additional expense incurred—if the lady of your choice is prudent and economical, understanding your circumstances thoroughly, and willing to share your lot, marry her certainly. We consider marriage a grand thing for young men. There is no better safeguard in the midst of worldly temptations, no greater incentive to earnest, self-sacrificing exertion, than in the interests and duties of domestic life. A pleasant home is one of God's best gifts.

MIMOR.—As you are so young, you can very well afford to wait a few years, by which time your parents may withdraw their opposition to accepting the young lady as their daughter-in-law. After you shall become of age, you will of course have a right to act for yourself in such matters, as well as in other things; but even then you should strive so to manage the affair as to wound your parents' feelings as little as possible. While a young man should always treat his father and mother with the most scrupulous respect, and exhibit a tender regard not only for their feelings but even for their prejudices also, yet it cannot be expected that in a matter in which his happiness for life may depend, he should sacrifice himself upon the altar of their unreasonable obstinacy.

BERTIE VICTOR. By the treaty between the United States and Germany, citizens of either country who have become naturalized in the other and shall have resided in the country of their adoption for five years shall be recognized as citizens of such country and shall be treated in all respects as such by his native country. Should such citizen, however, return to his native country and renew his residence without the intent to return to the country of his adoption, he shall be held to have renounced his naturalization. The intent not to return may be held to exist when the person naturalized in the one country resides more than two years in the other. The declaration of an intention to become a citizen of the one or the other country has not for either party the effect of naturalization. By this you will see that it is possible for you to return to your native country without molestation if you comply with the above conditions.

SADIE.—A moderate time for courtship is from twelve to eighteen months. This, of course, greatly depends on other circumstances, but the length of courtship should not be unnecessarily extended. It is this sort of fashion, namely, that of an interminable wooing, that gave occasion to the young man's objection to matrimony, when the same was urged upon him by his lady-love. "My dear," said he, "if we were married, I don't know where I could spend my evenings." Many a young lady becomes weary of the tedious delay of her suitor, and many an anxious suitor grows weary of the unnecessary scruples of the lady one. There is a story told of a young couple who began to court at an early age, who went on courting when they were out of their teens; the gentleman ventured to propose a settlement, but was begged to wait a short time longer, and so he went on waiting, and youth departed, and the pledged couple, still courting, began occasionally to notice a gray hair, or an unmistakable wrinkle, but still went on as of old, till more than half a century had passed; in a word, they courted all their lives, and lived to be old, but unmarried.

MISCELLANEOUS.—W. S. M.—You were very lucky in finding out the depth, or rather the shallowness of the young woman's love for you before it was too late. M. E. G.—No one knows the exact date of the loss of the "City of Boston" Steamer, but it must have been sometime during February, 1870. E. P. S.—There is no fixed age or time. Special cases require special answers. SCHOOL-GIRL.—We agree with your father in thinking school is the place for you for another year. E. G. H.—Have nothing more to do with him, until he can prove himself more worthy of your confidence. M. D.—Accept the invitation by all means, if you desire to do so. We can see no impropriety whatever in it. J. W.—From what you say, we fear the feeling is not reciprocated. Cannot you go away for a time? PERCY.—Seek an interview with her, and ask for an explanation of her sudden coldness. Perhaps some one has cut you out in her affections. ANNIE.—You should ask him what is his meaning. A man without a meaning has no right to be jealous. Y. Z.—It is too large a question for our space, to be satisfactorily answered. ELLEN.—Treat him kindly sometimes; but make him mad occasionally. He wants a little irritation.

A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.